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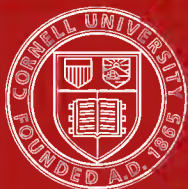
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THE GARDEN DECORATIVE.

*By the same Author.*

## THE SUBURBAN GARDEN, AND WHAT TO GROW IN IT.

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# THE GARDEN DECORATIVE

BY F. M. WELLS

*Author of "The Suburban Garden," and "What to Grow in it."*

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# THE GARDEN DECORATIVE.

## CHAPTER I.

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### SOME CAUSES WHY GARDENS FAIL TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

EVERYONE will allow that the beauty of the garden is not dependent wholly on the flowers that happen to be blooming within it. Over and above these there must be that fine sense of repose, and of harmony, without which no garden, strictly speaking, can be accounted really beautiful and satisfying.

It is the lack of these qualities that makes a garden commonplace and uninteresting. Books have been written to teach us how to look at pictures, and how to listen to music. I wonder if the day will come that shall produce the volume which shall tell us how to enjoy the beauties of gardens?

Certain it is the majority of people do not recognise, and, therefore, do not enjoy, these beauties as they might. I have said that a garden to be really beautiful must impress us with a sense of repose. Directly man uses his ingenuity in making *useless* display of his own handiwork, unnecessarily throwing this into promi-

nence, just then his garden loses that sense of repose that means so much of its charm. It becomes vulgar, a means of displaying his wealth or his skill in cutting and carving, or his cleverness in devising geometrical patterns.

Our sense of harmony, again, is often outraged. In the mistaken idea of attaining a gay garden, many and many a fine forest tree is uprooted, under the belief that flowers will not succeed under trees. In this way many an harmonious blending of light and shade has been destroyed, and many a possibility for beautiful planting and grouping made impossible.

It requires some study and observation before we can enjoy to the full all the beauties that a well-planted garden affords, and the same before we recognise why such and such a garden, full of blossom though it may be, altogether fails to impress us with any real sense of beauty. Many a garden, through its owner's want of appreciation of the value of form, of distribution, of colour, and of light and shade, is less beautiful than it might be, and much could be done to add to its beauty without in any way altering its design. There are many of these minor causes of lack of beauty that escape general observation. In planting, how seldom is the garden considered as a whole! It may be that the decorative effect of each separate bed and border is carefully thought out, but its relation to other positions of the garden within sight is often overlooked. The single effect is considered too much, and the general effect of the whole not at all.

Another of these easily-remedied causes of lack of beauty is to be found in the use of unsuitable subjects

for the particular positions in which they are placed. There are many flowering plants that are beautiful when seen at close quarters, that yet are well nigh valueless in making a decorative effect in the garden. Violets, for instance, are beautiful enough in themselves, but they do little for the decorative effect of the garden. Now, suppose we make decorative effect a matter of paramount importance, we need not on that account abstain from growing Violets. But care must be taken to plant them in some outlying portion of the garden, or in some portion that already has some sufficient decorative feature, so that it is not dependent on the space occupied by the Violets to yield anything to the general effect. To demonstrate how little this matter is studied, I would tell of seeing two long borders of this plant in the most prominent position in a garden. It goes without the saying that those borders, when the passer-by stood close beside them, were charming during the flowering period of the plants. The Violet always works its own spell and fascination on the human heart with its familiar blossoms, its fragrance, and the touch of sentiment that belongs to it. But everything in its place, and the most prominent borders of the garden need not have been devoted to these essentially modest flowers.

Far more in keeping with the fitness of things was the long kitchen garden border, in front of ancient espalier Apple trees, which in another old garden was devoted to Violets. From such a border less was expected, less needed, and, therefore, these plants fitly were chosen to occupy it.

This failure to consider the decorative effect of the

different subjects chosen for cultivation is a fruitful cause of lack of beauty in the garden. But it is one that can be easily rectified. The close observer, after studying a few beautiful and effective gardens, learns to note the value of bold foliage in one position, of graceful curves in another, of a dwarf mass of colour, or of flowers borne on long and slender stems, in others. Such things count for much. I mean to say that often in cases where the lie of the land, the distribution of trees, and the position of beds and borders are all that can be desired—still, the garden fails to satisfy. If owners of gardens at present ill content with results would deliberately study this one matter, they would find something tangible to go upon in their endeavours to secure more harmony and beauty.

Yet another cause lies in ignorance as to *what* to grow. First and foremost, plants that suit the soil should be cultivated. It is better to have common plants in full beauty of growth and health than rarer sorts if they show only weakly and languishing habit, and nothing of their full capacity for beauty either in growth or blossom.

As a guide in this matter it is well to study the wild flora of the district. Does some one family succeed to a remarkable degree, then should the garden owner choose from this family its choicest and most beautiful members that succeed in this climate, and cultivate them generously. And not one family of plants only shall he treat in this manner, but many. In this way, without having any especial knowledge of soils and what they will grow best, his flowers shall luxuriate and succeed where others fail. Many of our wild flowers



are members of some of the most beautiful and desirable families of plants that can be grown.

My great complaint against nine-tenths of the gardens one sees is that they are unutterably commonplace. The same subjects are represented in each one. A stranger to our country might well come to the conclusion that our climate was such that our choice of plants was limited indeed. This, however, as we know, is far from being the case. It is but necessary to take up a catalogue of hardy flower seeds to see that the number reaches well over two thousand. The truth is we are too unenterprising, and too conservative in our choice of plants; we are content year after year to remain in ignorance of the wealth of plant life that during the last few decades has been brought to this country from all parts of the world.

Some may argue that the plants that everyone grows are satisfactory and beautiful, and hard to be eclipsed by newer introductions, especially as these familiar subjects are continually being improved, but as against this argument we have their too great familiarity—their cultivation in every garden, to the exclusion of other subjects every whit as beautiful, but less familiar.

We might visit hundreds of gardens to-day without once seeing such things, for instance, as the handsome trailing *Callirrhoe involucrata*, the hardy *Crinums*, *Spigelia*, *Lewisia* or *Arnebia*, to mention but a few names taken haphazard from a catalogue of "Hardy Herbaceous Plants." So many people seem afraid to order anything that they do not know or have not had recommended to them. They do not seem to realise that in securing for themselves subjects with which they are

unfamiliar they are opening out a phase of gardening pleasure that is enchanting—the waiting and wondering as to the kind of blossoms that shall appear in their due season. Gardening minus this experimenting is bereft of one of its most interesting features. In gardening, at any rate, it does not answer to be indifferent to those things of which we are ignorant. A fourth reason for this frequent lack of beauty lies in the fact that those responsible for the general effect are without that subtle sense of fitness that should be the guiding factor in all garden arrangements. One flagrant example of this will illustrate my meaning.

In a small oblong garden I once saw growing amidst such things as Orange Marigolds, coarse, rank *Centaurea*, *Anchusa*, Sunflowers, *Nasturtiums* and other homely flowers, many beautiful specimens of Lilies of the rarer kinds. I do not think I am wrong in saying that this combination was a grave error of judgement. Much of the charm of the old-fashioned flowers was lost when contrasted with the beautiful exotic growths. The beauty of the Lilies, too, was marred, and incongruous amid such surroundings. Had one portion of the little garden been hidden from the other, and the homely plants been grown in one portion, and the Lilies in the other, with a few other flowers of delicate type and beauty, the result would have been quite different. Directly our sense of fitness is outraged we cease to be pleased. “But,” may exclaim some reader who is possessed of a small strip of garden, “supposing we have great admiration for these Lilies, or something else equally as beautiful, would you have us abstain from growing them?” Not so, but I would

have their beauty made distinctive. I would not grow them in the border with the Honesty and the Marigold, but I would have them carefully and beautifully grown in pots, standing for preference on a low stone bench abutting on the house wall. I would have them as things apart, as beautiful objects to be enjoyed quietly by themselves, or, if in the border they must be, then would I seek for those types of flowers that should be more in keeping with them. Yet a fifth reason for less beauty than there should be is the insufficient attention paid to the value of form in the garden. Not only as isolated specimens or groups on lawns, etc., but also in the ordinary border of perennial and herbaceous plants. Too often such borders when seen from a short distance present merely a vague and indefinite mass of foliage, and we feel what a relief it would be for the eye to rest here and there upon some clean-cut, sharp-edged foliage like that of Irises, Tritomas, Phormiums, and Gladioli, which should break the monotony, and give character and the distinction of bold outline.

Again, it is to be feared that many do not sufficiently apprise the beauty that belongs to health and sturdy vigour. Yet the beauty of health is a very real thing. Too often we see some plant or plants struggling for mere existence under conditions absolutely unfavourable to their requirements. The moisture-loving, surface-rooting *Phlox decussata* will be found established in a parched and sandy garden where it never can be grown in its true and legitimate beauty. It remains because it happens to be a favourite flower of the owner of the garden, or because, having been planted, the thought

never enters into the heads of those concerned that it would be better to allow it to give place to something more suited to the conditions under which it labours, even if the substitute be less beautiful.

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## CHAPTER II.

## A FEW WORDS ON STYLE.

I DO not pretend to be able to write words of wisdom on such a subject as this. I leave that for those who have studied the matter far more deeply than I have. The most I can do is to write down a few things that have struck me forcibly as tending to the good or to the bad effect of different gardens that I have observed closely. Sometimes a few slight alterations may make all the difference, and a commonplace, ordinary type of garden can be made thereby picturesque and beautiful.

The natural taste of the owner must to a certain extent decide whether the garden shall be in the style of the formal garden or of the natural and informal. Where no marked preference be evinced one way or the other, the natural features of the garden and of the surrounding country may help in deciding the question, such, for instance, as the lie of the land, and the distribution of trees. A perfectly flat garden would seem

to lend itself to formal treatment more readily than a piece of ground broken up by natural undulations. Or, again, a garden on so steep a slope that it has to take the form of terraces, and also a walled garden must of necessity present a formal appearance. In all these cases the formality can be further accentuated by the general plan, and by the help of certain accessories that increase the formality, if such should be deemed desirable. We have mentioned the distribution of trees as a factor in the decision. Where these take the form of avenues or straight lines, conventional treatment is less at variance with a sense of fitness than where the trees are in copses, groups, or as single specimens.

I believe there is a tendency at present to make fashionable a rather formal and conventional treatment of gardens. Just as the spirit of the *nouveau art* is making its presence felt in the interior of our houses, so is the trend of modern feeling working in our gardens, at any rate in those of recent planning. I speak more especially of the neighbourhood outstretching from London, and more or less taking in the county of Surrey. Londoners are going farther afield, and many houses spring into being every year. An attempt is being made to associate the architecture of the house more nearly with the garden to make their relationship the one with the other—house and garden—closer and more pronounced.

Again, we have but to turn to modern art and up-to-date book illustration to note in the delineation of trees, etc., the growing taste for the stiff and formal. This same taste once was carried to absurd lengths, and Pope made it the subject of one of the few humorous bits of

writing that have been produced on the subject of gardens. Writing of certain specimens of extravagantly-conceived topiary work, he says:—

“Eve and the serpent very flourishing.”

And again:—

“St. George, in Box, his arm scarce long enough, but will be in condition to stick the Dragon by next April.”

It was the voice of a sane man crying out against a craze that knew no bounds, a fashion that belonged to an age of extremes, in which moderation knew no place.

It seems reasonable to suppose that when the formal or semi-formal in art finds favour it must insensibly permeate our beings, and we are faced by the question, “How far—remembering what has gone before—should we allow this formality to invade the garden?” Rightly or wrongly, I have come to the conclusion that great formality of design—and that, of course, is quite another thing to the formality of exquisite trimness and neatness—is a grievous mistake in a really large garden. And this, because the possibilities for beautiful Nature pictures are great, and should not be wasted. In the moderate-sized garden—anything between an acre and two acres—the tendency to formality is less to be deplored: the possibilities are not so great, and, therefore, the lost opportunities are proportionately less; but, all the same, the natural garden has charms that the formal garden can never be expected to possess. It is much easier, I suppose, to achieve a successful formal garden than a really successful natural garden. Indeed, only a loving and patient study of Nature’s own methods shall teach us to achieve this last. We have, however, a few broad lines to work upon. We must remember

that Nature is never happy broken by lines and paths in every conceivable direction. A field is a glad-some sight for the eye to rest upon, but cut the field into, say—workmen's allotments—and its charm is gone. You do not follow Nature's ways when you cut your lawn into lozenges, squares and semi-circles. In a naturally-planted garden the aim must be to take gladly of the treasures Nature offers for the aspect, position, and soil, and with a due regard to the natural haunts of every plant used, to make it *look as much at home* as possible.

Again, Nature does not gather together a vast mass of her nurslings and put the dwarf things in a line, with those a little taller behind them, and those taller still behind them; and, if we would have beautiful Nature pictures in our gardens, we shall not dream of so arranging our plants. But, all said and all done, it is impossible so to plant our beds and borders as Nature would plant them. It is useless to try the impossible, so when I hear folks running down all formality, I sometimes wonder exactly how they would define the word if called upon to do so. It is only in the wild garden, in the rock garden, and in the positions under trees that any real attempt at following Nature's own ways can be successfully carried out. All beds and borders are in themselves formal, and the planting done in them must partake of this character. The most that can be done is to secure that variety of height that Nature delights in, that irregular grouping, and that diversity of colour that invariably we find when Nature is left to herself.

It is better, when treating a garden in an informal and natural manner, to have parts of it out of sight of other parts, so that no view is secured of the whole at once.



Trees and shrubs should be planted with this end in view. Again, winding paths will lend themselves to our ideas of the natural garden rather than straight ones. But, after all, a man's own character and nature will best guide him in making his garden. The man with a mechanical turn of mind, one who has keen appreciation for skilful workmanship, will be inclined to admire the formal hedge, the clever bit of topiary work, and, in fact, everything cut sharp and true to line, every flower and every leaf looking as if it had had its space measured out to it with methodical precision. He will, in a word, admire the skilled handicraft of the formal garden. The man, however, with a less exact turn of mind, the close observer and lover of Nature, whose taste has been educated in woods and fields, will probably prefer to have his garden more after the pattern of the natural growth of things, will rather have Nature paramount than the handicraft of man.

In the majority of *small* town gardens—those from a few rods, half an acre, to an acre—a certain amount of formality is scarcely to be avoided. The palings by which many of them are surrounded makes them partake of the nature of a walled garden, though, alas, without its charm and old-world association and sentiment. There would seem to be an argument both for and against formality in the small garden—at least accentuated formality. For it, in the fact of the whole garden being so close to the house itself, and of such limited proportions, no part of it, so to speak, is Nature's chosen retreat, no part of it is out of sight of man's handiwork; and that, therefore, Nature tutored, trained and restrained is not altogether unpleasing. On

the other hand, the garden, however small, is the bit of Nature that alone the inmates of the house belonging to it can enjoy without going farther afield, and, therefore, it should be the spot where Nature shall be as natural as may be under the circumstances.

Where the formality of the small town garden is to be accentuated it must be done by the simplest means—the exercise of the utmost exactitude, the extensive use of naturally formal plants and shrubs, and by the use of plants growing in large pots or tubs in lines, or as simple specimens. Where this unavoidable formality is to be hidden so far as possible, some country cottage garden would serve as a good model. But, perhaps, the true Nature-lover possessed of some strip of garden between palings may best indulge his love of Nature by forgetting the inartistic setting, and studying to fill his garden with a wealth of naturally-reared flowers so simply and so beautifully grown that their setting is overlooked.

The most beautiful small town garden I ever saw was simply divided into five large beds across the width of the garden, with narrow paths round them.. Each simply-shaped oblong bed was planted with great taste and judgement. Every plant in the garden was hardy, everything was in perfect health and condition, and the wealth of blossom wonderful to behold. The smallness of the garden was lost sight of in this wealth of blossom. The small plot of ground was a triumph of garden-craft, a masterpiece of careful planting. The most, too, had been made of the surrounding paling. The gravel pathway met it, and in good soil, under the gravel, there grew to clothe and cover it Roses, Clematis, Japonica,

broken here and there by the trunks of Almond trees and Laburnums. There was no attempt made to include everything that would be included in a large garden. There was no apology for a lawn, no aggressive summer-house, no miniature greenhouse, and no seats—made the most prominent items in the garden by reason of scarlet and white awnings. Indeed, there was nothing to detract from the flowers themselves. The two simple seats, almost unobserved, so unobtrusive were they (would that all accessories of the small town garden were unobtrusive), were close under the paling beneath the shade of Almond trees. Nothing was attempted that could not be accomplished within the narrow limits. The very flowers themselves bespoke the thought that had been bestowed on their selection. Such flowers as seem to plead for some quiet haunt under trees were wisely discarded for such types as are eminently suited for the closer confines and more restrained planting of bed or border. No one but a true gardener could have made that garden what it was—and yet what a lesson of what may be achieved in a slip of suburban soil between six-foot oak palings!

Often I think the intimate relationship of house and garden is insufficiently considered. Not long since, I was staying in an old country house, attached to which is one of the most picturesque and beautiful gardens that I have ever seen. But, from the principal windows of the house, not a flower, not a single bit of colour other than green, is to be seen, unless we except glimpses of orange gravel. The want of flowers to look out upon is pitifully felt, especially as one realises that there they are, in all their beauty and abundance—just out

of sight. It ought not to be necessary to leave the house to enjoy at least a portion of the garden from some of the main windows, at any rate. In the planting of that portion of the garden in sight of the house windows especial attention should be paid to the decorative effect, as seen from them, for every season of the year. How delightful it is to look from the house upon an Almond tree in flower in the earliest spring, a great panel of vivid blue Delphiniums in July, the graceful Anemone japonica in September, and border Chrysanthemums until December: or, again, to look out at a wide bank of rock and Alpine plants in flower nine months out of the twelve.

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## CHAPTER III.

## THE DECORATIVE USE OF BULBS.

WHEREVER in the garden is a bit of woodland, an outlying position under deciduous trees, a shady border where little else will grow, there is the opportunity to make a beautiful planting of bulbs. These portions of the garden yield a minimum of colour during the rest of the year, but during the time that the bulbs are in flower they are far more beautiful than the more ordered portion of the garden. Every autumn there comes to us, with the planting-time of bulbs, this opportunity to make beautiful gardens if we will. The first thing to do is to walk round and choose the spots that we will transform into fair spring pictures when the time comes. Perhaps there is a shrubbery border that most of the summer is in shade, and in such a state of dryness that few herbaceous plants will grow there. Bulbs will not refuse; they care nothing for summer drought, they like it. Or there may be a border, close under a deciduous hedge, where no perennials will

flourish—that, too, can be a spring picture; or it may be there is a copse that may be transformed into a beautiful bulb garden. Such portions of ground as I have mentioned are the ideal spots for spring flowers. They are the portions that, beyond keeping clear of weeds and dead leaves, the ordinary gardener rarely bestows thought upon.

The next thing is the choice of the bulbs themselves. An indiscriminate selection is not advisable. The type and habit of the flower should be studied, and we should decide whether it is more suitable to be planted in a position where it will, so to speak, be a wilding; or whether it would have an incongruous look so utilised, and be better in the more formal beds and borders. Of those things that are charming to colonise, the little blue *Scilla sibirica* is one of the best. In April it gives us a blue carpet—a blue so bright and so intense that we may compare it to the blue that the old painters loved to use for the robes of saints and Madonnas. These *Scillas* seed freely. *Muscari*, or Grape Hyacinth, will grow in some such out-of-the-way portion of the garden as I have described like a weed. It has the charm—and it is a very real one—of being an old-fashioned flower. I have seen these bulbs advertised at less than a shilling a hundred, and the full beauty of this subject is best seen when grown in great drifts and masses. Few sights are more beautiful than a great, wide slope that sometimes I see during April, where, under the Limes and Beeches, is this carpet of delicate porcelain blue, intermixed here and there with *Erythroniums dens-canis* (the Dog's-tooth Violet), for the effect of its distinct foliage amidst the Grape Hyacinths is remark-

ably effective. This is what Henry Kingsley has to say of these Dog's-tooth Violets:—"Almost with them (Snowdrops) came patches of the pale pink Dog's-toothed Violet, and the white Dog's-toothed Violet, with the purple eye (which last is, with very few exceptions, one of the most beautiful flowers in Nature)." This is great praise, and not ill-bestowed, in plants that have beautiful foliage for many months, flowers of so exquisite a type, and with the habit of flowering in half-shady spots, whereby a beautiful setting and background may be secured for them.

There are often odd corners, grass or otherwise, that may be planted with the yellow Winter Aconite. But, unless the plants can be allowed great freedom, something less greedy of space should be chosen. The Aconites literally take possession of the ground, and increase at a rapid rate. The foliage increases greatly after flowering, and thickly covers the space. Where a great stretch can be devoted to these flowers, a beautiful winter display of blossom is secured, especially to be valued if in sight of the house. But it is not a plant to be grown in any quantity in the confined border.

The Daffodils should be everywhere. They may grow from amid the Aconites in the shady places under trees, they may mingle with the Scillas and the Muscari; they may appear in great masses by themselves. That great slope of Daffodils at Kew, in all their yellow glory, is one of the most beautiful sights that spring has to offer. On a smaller scale, our Daffodils may occupy any bit of grassy waste, until all who shall come within the garden limits shall cry, "It is a garden of Daffodils." Some half-shady place may well be devoted to Lilies of the

Valley. These plants love such cool, quiet haunts, and their beauty is greatly enhanced when in such a position. A clump or two growing in a neat, well-kept border of perennials is not to be compared to a mass of them growing under the shade of some deciduous tree. We have but to compare plants growing under both conditions to learn the marvellous difference that surroundings and background make.

Of the bulbs that, of all others, should never find a place except where they can be grown untrammelled by the hard limits of formal edging, I would mention the Snowdrops. Listen, while I tell of Snowdrops as I know them, growing in an old country garden. There is a great copse of forest trees, Ashes, Beeches, and Hornbeams, but mostly Beeches, and between their powdery, pale-green boles the Snowdrops grow. They are in full beauty by the first of March—a fitting greeting for the spring's birth-month.

Seldom is seen so wide a stretch of the New Year flower, and the massive clumps tell the tale of undisturbed possession of the ground for years. In consequence, they have taken that look of calm dignity that belongs to those things of Nature that man, by chance or wisdom, leaves undisturbed. It is needful to see Snowdrops like this to know their true beauty. The scene is a study in green and white. The pale green trunks of the Beech trees take a new beauty during the time that the white flowers blow beside them, for so far as the shades of green go, these powdery green trunks are the high lights of the picture.

It is not every flower, however, even among the bulbous flowers of early spring, that lends itself to



this simple and beautiful method of planting. The Alliums and the Chionodoxas seem more fitly placed if planted in spots less wild than the foregoing; yet are they flowers that need not find a place in the main beds and borders, where are to be found the Tulips and the Hyacinths. Let us place such subjects as these in the intermediate portions of the garden, in the borders that lead from the Snowdrop copse to the main and prominent positions. There are generally such in gardens of quite moderate proportions. And to the Alliums and Chionodoxas may be added the Pheasant-eye Narcissi and Jonquils, and the Spring Snowflakes—*Leucojum vernalis*. The Chionodoxas are among the most beautiful of the smaller bulbs that have ever been introduced into this country. I think if I were called upon to live with a garden of but a few square yards to enjoy, I would make it beautiful in springtime by making of it a garden of Chionodoxas. It is gayer-looking than the blue Scilla, by reason of its ring of white within the blue. It is a happy-looking flower, just as Pansies are, and, altogether, one of the most charming of the flowers of spring. With the Allium we get quite a different type of flower from the rest of the spring-flowering bulbs—a very pretty type, with its closely-lying florets in flat heads, white or blue, or mauve or rose-coloured. This plant is little grown in this country, but it is quite hardy, and increases rapidly. It is a capital subject for a border that slopes to meet the sunshine.

All the bulbs that I have mentioned so far are much more beautiful when planted in *large* quantities. To plant a thousand bulbs of one variety is infinitely more

decorative in effect than to put in patches of a dozen or so different kinds. In writing of these bulbs for the outlying portions of the garden, I have tried my best to keep before myself that sense of fitness which adds so much to the sense of beauty. In planting, say, a colony of Muscari, we should be conscious of being able to acknowledge that we have put it where Nature herself would have established it—that should be the aim of all true gardening; and only thus shall we get our full meed of enjoyment from our plants.

The spring-flowering bulbs that we shall plant without a question in the more formal borders are Tulips and Hyacinths. There is nothing very interesting, nor of decorative picturesqueness, in small beds filled with either of these flowers, but in the long border they present a far different appearance. There are gardeners who do not greatly advocate the use of the Hyacinth for open-air culture. But, not thus used, a great deal of early spring beauty is lost to the garden—and, what is of equal importance, spring perfume. If Hyacinths are planted in line down a long, straight border, I cannot explain why it is so, but a single row is infinitely more beautiful than if the bulbs are planted in a double or treble row, or more, as the case may be.

I wonder why it is that so often we see growing the gay Parrot Tulips of red and yellow, and so seldom the beautiful pale yellow selfs, and the bright rose, paling to white. These are often seen as pot plants; they are hardier than the majority of people seem to think.

It is true we have chosen the Daffodil to flourish in the outlying portions of the garden—well and good; these were the wilder and commoner forms, as is fitting.

But the highly-cultivated, named varieties we shall not hesitate to place in the more ordered portion of the garden. The sweet, pale Pheasant-eye Narcissus is equally suited to this part as it is to the wilder portion. In either situation it does not look incongruous. Among highly-cultivated flowers it is as high a type and as beautiful as any; and among the wilder blossoms it has the appearance still of being in perfect keeping and congruity.

One of the most difficult plants to place is the gaily-tinted *Anemone coronaria*. The fact of the matter is this—it is too gaily conspicuous for the outlying portions of the garden; it needs sunshine, too, and therefore must have an open situation. I cannot bear to see it in the formal border, for there it seems to lose half its beauty. Once I saw a great, well-drained slope running towards the east, and bearing a deciduous tree or two, and all the ground covered with the brilliant many-coloured *Anemone coronaria*. The soil had been especially prepared by the addition of some silver sand and a generous proportion of cow-manure. The result was beautiful. Beyond this gentle slope, I have never enjoyed these *Anemones* so much as in an old, straight border of an old-fashioned kitchen garden. Patches of these flowers, however, are always effective in the rock garden.

We may, if we will, enjoy *Irises* for half the year or more. Few subjects when in blossom are more beautiful than the *Iris*, but it labours under one serious disadvantage—its flowers are but short-lived. True, the different varieties yield us the long season of bloom that I have mentioned, and in the large garden, where

an extensive collection can be grown, these grand flowers may be plentifully cultivated; in the smaller garden, where but a limited number can be utilised, they need to be very judiciously placed. In the case of the moderate-sized and small garden, Irises make a beautiful winter feature. *Iris alata* planted in July and August should yield its wealth of blossom in December, pale blossoms of delicate lavender that are strange companions to the dull, grey days. *Iris stylosa* is another beautiful winter-flowering variety, while *I. Vastani*, with its lovely sky-blue flowers, is perhaps best of all. Following hard on these comes in February the variety known as *I. reticulata*, with its handsome dark blue flowers, all blotched with orange. All these Irises need a sheltered spot and well-drained soil. A narrow, raised border, under the southern wall of the house, lacking a better position, might well be made into a beautiful little winter garden of Irises. For late spring and early summer are the German, English, and Spanish Irises. Of the first it must be said that the foliage is always decorative, and in a large border of perennials well-nigh indispensable, while the English and Spanish varieties certainly occupy a minimum of space.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

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### SUMMER AND AUTUMN-FLOWERING BULBS.

SO great a feature are the spring-flowering bulbs in most gardens, that when summer comes a reaction sets in, and, beyond a few Lilies and Gladioli, bulbous plants are painfully conspicuous by their absence. These summer-flowering bulbs may well be classed among the subjects that at the present time are suffering neglect in the majority of gardens. Yet what delightful variety they make, what character they give to the garden! However beautiful and well-grown is a garden of perennials, it lacks the distinctive touch that the foliage and flowers of bulbous plants invariably give, if these are missing. There is a general idea that many of the summer-flowering bulbs are expensive to buy. Every year they are becoming less expensive, and we must bear in mind that many are tall, striking objects, so that a small quantity goes a long way in making a good decorative effect. In this respect they differ from many of the spring bulbous plants.

Some few of our most beautiful summer-flowering bulbs are somewhat tender, that is to say, they require some sheltered spot in which to grow, a sunny aspect, and well-drained soil. It is just as well that this is the case with certain of them, and that some narrow border under a south wall, or a like favourable position, is on this account advisable, because these same plants yield so beautiful types of flowers that to associate them indiscriminately with all and sundry of the perennials is to offend against that sense of fitness that goes far to mar the beauty of the garden. With beautiful subjects like *Amaryllis*, some of the *Alstroemerias*, and some of the rarer Lilies, only the choicest perennials should be associated—those, in fact, that belong to the highest and best types of our garden flowers.

It is a thousand pities that enthusiastic gardeners do not give more attention to the beautiful *Amaryllis*, scarcely one winter in a dozen will prove fatal, and so much beauty is lost to our gardens. Why, a group of, say, five bulbs, makes a striking bit of planting, and there is little need to invest in very expensive varieties. A beautiful kind like *A. belladonna major* is as effective and decorative as varieties three times the price.

Good drainage is essential to the culture of these bulbs; it is more often damp than frost that kills. These *Amaryllis* flower in late summer, and that fact alone should make us prize them highly. If the weather is open, the early days of January is a good time to plant the bulbs. I do not think I can do better than quote from Mr. Robinson's grand book, "*The English Flower Garden*," as to further details. He says: "Choose a place on the south side of a house or wall, take out the

whole of the soil to the depth of three feet, and place about six inches of broken brick in the bottom. Over this put some half-rotten manure to keep the drainage open and feed the plant. If the natural soil is not good, add some sandy, mellow loam, or, if stiff, a few barrow-loads of leaf-mould, and one or two of sharp sand mixed with it. Having trod this firm, plant in small groups. . . . In planting, place a handful or so of sharp sand round the bulbs to keep them from rotting."

Of course, careful culture like this should go far to ensure success, but it is not always necessary, and I know a splendid clump of *A. longifolia* (*Crinum capense*), growing in the heavy soil of a London suburb, receiving no winter protection, and yielding a wealth of blossoms every year.

Well-nigh as beautiful as the choicest Amaryllises are the Alstroemerias. All that has been said as to the culture of the former may be applied to these latter plants. The brilliant coloured flowers are grand features in the summer garden. *A. brasiliensis* or *A. Erembaultii*—a hybrid form—are excellent varieties to grow in some favourable position among other choice plants. But if the Alstroemerias are to take their place among commoner perennials, then *A. aurantiaca* is more suitable. Only the hardiest Amaryllises and Alstroemerias should be attempted for outside cultivation.

But there are many summer-flowering bulbs well suited for the general border, and add greatly to its decorative effect.

The Camassias are seldom seen, but are beautiful plants of the order Liliaceæ; most of them are blue in colour, and of excellent habit. They have been likened

to the stately Eremuri, though, of course, they are of much dwarfer character. There are few early summer-flowering bulbs of greater value than these. Of all varieties, *C. Cusickii*, perhaps, is the best, and should be planted in somewhat retentive soil.

Let us give the Montbretias their true value in the garden border, but I am rather inclined to think that some authorities over-rate them. They are very good for the town garden, as they blossom even under unfavourable conditions, but in the garden happily situated I doubt if they have a tithe of the decorative value assigned to them. As cut flowers they are distinctly effective, but in the large border, at any rate, they are too insignificant to be grown in any quantity. I would far rather yield more generous space to the Day Lilies, and accentuate their beautiful colouring by the addition of many *Pilosum* Poppies. This "carrying-through" of some uncommon colour or form makes a pleasant variety in a garden scheme.

There is an old-fashioned, early summer-flowering plant that has one of the sweetest-sounding names of all our hardy flowers—the Asphodel, or, as in olden time they called it, Kingspear. *A. luteus* fl. pl.—the double yellow variety—makes a charming subject, and it flourishes in any good garden soil. Who, in these days, includes among their summer flowers *Asclepias tuberosa*? Yet this is a truly old-fashioned flower, once bearing the homely name of Swallow-wort. Philip Miller gives "White, Black, and Yellow Swallow-wort" amongst the flowering plants of June in his book written in the middle of the eighteenth century. This *A. tuberosa* is, however, of a bright orange tone, and is in



full flower in July. It is lasting, and makes a capital addition to the front of the border.

The Marvel of Peru is another old-fashioned tuberous plant that might well receive more attention. The treatment we give our Dahlias suits these plants, and they are easily reared from seed.

We have grown so accustomed to putting our Gladioli into the ground in spring that many of us are inclined to forget that certain varieties planted in autumn yield a long season of bloom before the late-flowering varieties open their handsome spikes of blossom. These early-flowering kinds, in their way, are every whit as indispensable as the autumn-flowering varieties, and might well be as extensively grown. Some of the hybrid Nanus section are brightly coloured, and very beautiful in a warm, well-drained border. The Colvillei varieties are almost too well-known to need mention, but one wonders why it is that the white variety (The Bride) is grown almost invariably in every garden, and so seldom the red variety. Both are equally good and effective. The variety known as insignis is a delightful one, and better than any of the foregoing.

For late summer and autumn flowering the Tritoma is grandly picturesque. It has artistic possibilities that are surprising, and undoubtedly gives that touch of distinction and character to the border in which it may be growing that scarcely anything else can give. These Tritomas must never be closely crowded by other subjects—they are entirely unsuited to such a manner of planting; they seem to demand ample space, and a margin of bare ground around them. In whatever portion of the garden they are grown, they should be

allowed to form a marked feature ; they can sustain such a rôle, and are worthy of it. Only the hardiest varieties should be grown, unless under most favourable conditions, as it takes much from the charm of these robust, stalwart plants to be obliged to regard them as tender, uncertain subjects.

The rock garden must not be overlooked in considering summer-flowering bulbs. The European *Anthericum*s come to us from the High Alps. For this reason, it seems to me that no more fitting place than the rock garden can be found for them. These plants are known to many of us as St. Bernard's and St. Bruno's Lilies, and are of the easiest cultivation in such a situation. For later flowering in the rock garden, it is difficult to find a more suitable subject than the beautiful little *Bravoa geminiflora*. It grows from two to three feet in height, is bright red in colour, and should do well in some sheltered, sunny corner. Its cultivation, however, should not be attempted in cold, damp districts.

I have mentioned *Tritoma* as a border plant, but there is a dwarf variety, *T. Macowani*, that grows but a foot in height, is orange-flowered, and makes a most decorative feature in some conspicuous position of the rock garden.

In every garden where beautiful flowers are treasured, so quaint a subject as *Muscari comosum* should be grown in quantity. It should be planted amongst the choicest flowers in the prominent borders. It blossoms in June, bearing what looks like a bright purple plume, so like, in fact, that it has come to be known as the Feather or Tassel Hyacinth.

In a like prominent position, and to flower about the

same time, and earlier, must be planted different varieties of *Dodecatheon*. As beautiful every whit as the Dog's-tooth Violets, this is among the most beautiful of all our garden plants. But, whereas the *Muscari comosum* likes a sunny spot and a dry soil, this last, a member of the beautiful *Primulaceæ*, enjoys partial shade and a moist, retentive soil.

We must touch now on the summer bulbs for flowering in the outlying portions of the garden; neglected as this use of summer bulbs has been hitherto, there is no reason why it should continue to be so. It goes without the saying that it is of little use to try to contend with the unfavourable shade of densely-foliaged deciduous trees, so far as summer-flowering bulbs are concerned, but we must not forget that often there is some spot, semi-wild, yet not altogether under the shade. In bits of garden woodland there may be some clearing—some portion where the sun filters through and shines for some hours of the day, and it is in these spots that summer bulbs may well share the space with Foxgloves and Bracken. But if care was needed in the selection of the bulbs for the spring planting, far more care is needed in choosing the summer kinds. The choice is much smaller, and, for the most part, the types of plants are more suitable for the beds and borders than for the outlying portions of the garden, where they necessarily partake of a semi-wild character. Now, of all summer-flowering bulbs suitable for such planting, I know none that in character is more suitable than *Galtonia*, or, as it is sometimes known, *Hyacinthus candicans*. There is nothing in the appearance of this plant that is incongruous with such surroundings; the small bells, some-

what thinly distributed, never seem to be so beautiful as when treated in this semi-wild manner. A great drift of this plant in full blossom in a bit of summer woodland, or on the fringe of it if the shade of the interior makes that out of the question, is a beautiful August picture not easily, once seen, to be forgotten.

Under conditions that bring the *Galtonia* into flower in the semi-wild garden may also be grown the earlier-blooming *Commelina cœlestis*, and *C. alba*. I have to confess that in the border these plants are disappointing. I am well aware that an effort was made a few seasons ago to bring them into public favour, and absurd and exaggerated terms were used with regard to their attractions. They have the charm of being old-fashioned flowers; the colouring of the blue variety is good and intense, but the individual flowers are small, and the plant can hardly be called beautiful. However, as a wilding it is very acceptable; it can be planted more generously, and even when not in blossom its foliage makes a distinctive touch of sharp-edged form. It is one of those things that we ought to value highly—where suitably placed.

Elsewhere is mention of the *Hemerocallis*; it is a charming subject for the garden woodland where some sunshine may be relied upon to reach it. It succeeds best in damp, heavy soil. Especially is it happy beside water; but I mention it here as another plant that may be used very happily for the outlying portions of the garden to yield summer blossom. For later flowering, there are the Winter Daffodils, or, as they should be called, *Sternbergias*, with their beautiful yellow flowers; the *Colchicums*, from white through all the range of

colour to deep purple—to be used, not in little isolated patches, if their true beauty is to be enjoyed, but in great stretches. Ah! that is to see the spring forestalled, that is to see a picture of wondrous charm; but how seldom seen! And there are the hardy Cyclamens—treasures, indeed, of which I verily believe three-fourths of the owners of gardens are ignorant. *C. Hederæfolium album* is delicately scented, while *C. Hederæfolium rubrum* has decorative foliage of high value at the season of the year when it is at its best.

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## CHAPTER V.

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A STUDY OF LAWNS AND THEIR  
TREATMENT.

I DO not know sufficient of the history of gardening to tell when it became general in England to grow a large or small stretch of grass in the pleasure ground for the delight of looking across, and at, an expanse of smooth and level green. We know, however, that bowling greens were established in England early in the 13th century, and that the smoothness necessary long ago gave rise to the well-used simile "as smooth as a bowling green." These bowling greens were often fifty yards long, and more, and much trouble was expended on keeping them in good condition. It would seem probable, then, that it was the game of bowls that, if it did not introduce, at least encouraged the fashion of maintaining within the garden "a velvety green sward."

Bacon, in his description of his princely garden, says: ". . . a green in the entrance, a heath or desert in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst,

besides alleys on both sides. And I like well that four acres be assigned to the green. . . . The green hath two pleasures: the one, because nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn; the other, because it will give you a fair alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a stately hedge, which is to enclose the garden. But, because the alley will be long, and in great heat of the year or day, you ought not to buy the shade in the garden by going in the sun through the green, therefore you are, of either side the green, to plant a covert alley, upon carpenters' work, about twelve feet in height, by which you may go in shade into the garden." So much for the green grass sward of large places—and Bacon, we may remember, was describing a garden of not less than thirty acres.

Nowadays almost every little suburban villa has its minute square or oblong of grass. I think we may justly conclude that it was the introduction of the mowing machine that led to this insistence of the miniature patch of lawn in these small gardens. Whether it is worth while to devote the best portion of these little town gardens to grass is another matter, and so practical an authority as Mrs. Earle is averse to it. The older method of cutting the grass with a scythe is becoming one of the lost arts, and few can now achieve it. It is very much more difficult than cutting material of taller growth, and also more arduous.

A well-kept lawn of fine and velvety grass, free of weeds, and of a size proportionate to the rest of the garden, should be a charming and restful spot. Outdoor games—lawn tennis, croquet, badminton—all demand lawns of level lie and smoothness. Of course,

if a lawn is required for croquet, a large uninterrupted space must be kept. Neither bed, border, tree, nor shrub must break the actual ground needed for the game. Any lawn yielding a full-sized croquet lawn is necessarily of large proportions—so large that if it stretches beyond the required space, such extra space may well be utilised in various ways, and still allow of that satisfying sense of breadth and freedom that can only come with a plentitude of unbroken surface.

Lawns should never be over-planted, if any sense of restfulness is to be maintained. A method disastrous, and devoid of all beauty, is to pepper some grand expanse of lawn with numerous trees and shrubs. The owner of a lawn thus treated once explained to me that so windswept was the spot that in desperation the trees and shrubs had been planted to break the force of the wind, and to secure for the house a necessary shelter. But how much more beautiful would the place have been if a thick belt of trees and shrubs had been planted beyond the limits of the lawn. There was ample room in this case for such planting, and the wide stretch of grass would have remained unbroken and unspoiled. Unless it happens to shut out a view, I think such a belt of trees abutting upon a lawn, with, perhaps, a pathway between, is always a pleasing feature. For one thing it makes a beautiful study of the different tones of green, and for another it helps to give that sense of seclusion and quiet beauty that should belong especially to this portion of the garden.

Another disastrous method of dealing with a lawn is to cut it up into a perplexing number of complicated and intricate beds devoted to the flat planting of various



dwarf and semi-dwarf bedding plants. That is gardening on its most mechanical and uninteresting lines, and is diametrically opposed to the real laws that should rule the garden scheme. These geometrical beds, when surrounded by gravel paths, and edged with trimly-kept Box, often have a quaint and formal charm when in keeping and fitness with the rest of the garden. But there is nothing to commend them when cut in the grass. A lawn made to flaunt a heart of yellow *Calceolarias*, a crescent of *Ageratum*, a diamond of scarlet *Geraniums*, does not commend itself to the true gardener-artist. Than such a display the unbroken and restful stretch of green lawn is infinitely to be preferred.

But there are beautiful lawn gardens, and those, too, of quite moderate proportions, and the sight of them, if rare, is yet the more warmly to be welcomed when we do come upon them. Now, supposing sufficient room has been allowed for the requirements of lawn tennis, croquet, or what not, the rest of the grass may in some gardens be advantageously used for planting. Some large tree, of which an uninterrupted view can be obtained from its topmost branch to the junction of trunk and soil, cannot fail to be a grand and dignified object. There must be no undergrowth, not even Ivy, for those who have learned to appreciate the great beauty of a tree trunk. These can ill spare the sight of the widening stem as it sinks to the soil, the often irregular, knotted, curvatures and buttresses—in some cases, great surface rootholds. These are characteristics of the trees, and we would not have them hidden from view. Then, there is the alternative of a group, say of three, of some less majestic form of tree

life; the Silver Birches, for instance, with their striking whitened trunks and down-drooping lashes, or the red poles of dark Fir trees are sternly and grandly effective. They should always be so placed that a low sun may shine upon them, and make the red poles glow with mellow colour right up and under the green needles.

To come to smaller planting. Few things are more effective than a bold group of Yuccas, or of the noblest forms of *Gynerium argenteum*. Both these we instinctively enjoy most when growing in an open spot in the full sunshine. To see them thus satisfies our sense of fitness. We picture this Pampas Grass under the fierce sun of South America, and we like to feel that we have given it a place where to some extent it can enjoy heat so far as we can supply it. I often think that no one can ever thoroughly enjoy a plant unless he knows from whence it comes. The *Gunnera* is also a native of South America, and makes a noble lawn group.

For a half-shady spot on the lawn few subjects are more charming than *Angelica*. The great umbelliferous plants are well suited to some moist spot, and are exceedingly handsome. Where it is desirable to place beds in the grass, they should be, if possible, large enough to partake of the character of a border. The more irregular the shape, the better, and I think those with a true instinct for fitness will never suffer a round bed on their lawns. A dead level in the plants used is to make the bed devoid of all beauty, and to be almost valueless from a decorative point of view. There must be something that shall lift the eye from this dead level, and nothing is more beautiful in a lawn bed than a

variety of perennial and annual plants of varying height and habit. I would add that a large L-shaped bed thus planted has much to commend it. It does not tease the eye to take in its form too aggressively, and it lends itself to informal planting.

Whether a lawn is planted or left unbroken must partly depend upon the surroundings; and, if in sight of the house, the view from the most important windows should be carefully considered: if planting destroys the sense of repose, it should not be attempted. On the other hand, if no other portion of the garden is visible from the windows (as in the case cited elsewhere), it will probably be convenient to introduce, either by means of beds on the grass, or in borders surrounding it, various beautiful forms of perennial, and other flowering plants, thus securing the sight of flowers from the house windows.

Should, however, the lawn not fill the scene from the windows, and the sight of flowers in other portions of the garden be obtained, then there is much to be said for allowing the lawn to remain a quiet study in green, perhaps breaking away in the distance into a quiet glade of trees.

The surroundings of the lawn are of next importance to the lawn itself. Trees are, perhaps, the most fitting setting, and the most beautiful—especially where the lawn itself is large. The light and shadow on the grass itself, that these afford, are full of enjoyment for those who know how to appreciate. A small lawn with a broad border of perennials on three sides has always a charming and quaintly formal effect, and ensures plenty of blossom in sight of the house; but, to complete the

effect, the borders should be backed by neat and trimly-kept hedges—Holly, Privet, or whatever may be preferred.

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## CHAPTER VI.

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### PLANTS THAT SUCCEED IN HEAVY SOIL.

THE great art of gardening lies in the careful selection of plants for the soil wherein they are to grow. Many of our perennials and annuals are accommodating enough, and grow, flower, and flourish in ordinary garden soil; but there are many gardens where the soil is not ordinary, but extraordinary. Let us take two extremes—the heavy clay soil, and the light, dry soil that is like powder. Ordinary soil consists for the most part of a medium loam, tending to lightness or heaviness, as the case may be. We will consider, in the first case, the heavy clay soil, such as abounds in the neighbourhood of London—and many other districts. Anyone having watched the yellow lumps thrown up by men working at gas or water pipes can see at a glance what the deep-rooting subjects—trees and shrubs—find at but a few inches from the surface in many places. The sight of the subsoil always seems to

me a valuable bit of knowledge, so far as our gardens are concerned.

In order to make this chapter of as much practical use as possible, I shall describe one particular border, and besides calling attention to those things that grow and flourish, I shall likewise mention certain plants that, after a fair trial, have proved failures. The general character of these heavy clay borders is excessive moisture from autumn to spring, and a hard surface baking during the heat of summer. Yet many plants there are that seem to luxuriate in such soil, and every year yield a glowing mass of colour from early spring to late autumn.

It is sometimes impossible to work such borders in autumn if the season proves unusually wet. But such borders need once in six or seven years to be deeply trenched, and a quantity of good, short stable manure incorporated, and this, where possible, is better done in autumn than postponed to the spring.

The top spit of soil should be retained; the ground should then be trenched to two more spits, and it stands to reason that arduous work like this cannot be accomplished if the soil be waterlogged. After trenching, sufficient time *must* be allowed for the soil to settle; it is quite useless to attempt to replace the plants into loose soil that may settle several inches in the course of a few weeks.

I am going to describe a bit of gardening work that I once witnessed that would make most careful gardeners shake their heads in despair. A heavy border had been trenched, and had been allowed to settle; the plants were ready to be replaced, and it did not seem

to me that they had been at all carefully covered with soil so as to withstand frost. At this point a heavy rainfall came, and the weather grew icy cold. It was a question of two evils—to get the plants without further delay into the soil, or to leave them for an indefinite time in their present quarters. They had been altogether badly arranged: tender, small things were intermixed with great, heavy roots and clumps, and the whole now presented a sodden mass of rotting vegetation. It struck me that the very want of air and light must prove fatal to many subjects, and that the plants might as well rot with their roots in the soil as in the state they were. They should be planted. I stood by, that bitter December day, and watched, and trembled for the fate of each plant as it was entrusted to the sodden, heavy soil. Wonderful to relate, the majority of the plants survived and flourished splendidly during the ensuing season. This, I think, considering the condition of the ground, was entirely due to the fact that they consisted of good, established plants, well-rooted and acclimatised, and accustomed to the soil. Be that as it may, with scarcely an exception they survived.

I have not given this little experiment in gardening to encourage others to go and do likewise, but simply to show that hardy, well-established plants will suffer many things. I have great faith in making plants as hardy as possible, and in growing them in soil as heavy as they will stand. When a plant does flourish in heavy soil it generally means that it makes a splendid specimen. I do not say that a plant that loves a warm, sandy soil should ever be experimented with in a heavy clay soil, but let those that will, grow and luxuriate therein. If

the heavy soil does not suit a plant, that plant will soon show it; try another plant, and go on trying, rather than lighten the soil to any great extent.

Since the trenching, some years ago, this border has been dug to the depth of a few inches each autumn and spring, and to this keeping of the soil well worked I attribute the marvellous success that has resulted. A top-dressing of stable manure put on in the autumn has been lightly dug in during April. Many might say that with the digging and trenching of such recent date the manure was unnecessary the succeeding autumn: but it is such cold, hungry soil that I think the plants benefited by the extra warmth, as well as the extra food; and there is no doubt that when this manure is finally dug in it does help to make the soil less solid and hard. Besides, it is an excuse for having the surface again well stirred in the spring, when the manure is buried out of sight.

So much for methods; now to mention some of the plants that will grow and flourish in such inhospitable soil. I ought to add, however, that the border in question is a very long and broad piece of ground in the open; no trees are near it, and behind it runs an old flint wall, and it is situated in East Anglia. In this border grows a wealth of *Hemerocallis*. This plant revels in the moist, retentive soil, and increases rapidly. The uncommon colour of the tawny blossoms makes it a highly decorative subject, and it has the virtue of remaining in flower over a considerable period. It is, moreover, a beautiful type of flower among our hardy perennials, and lends character and distinction to the whole border. It is one of the things that may be deliberately chosen for this purpose. It is, all round, one



of the most desirable plants we can introduce into our beds and borders. Even the owner of the small enclosed town garden need not fear to experiment with it. I have seen it flowering most luxuriantly under such conditions as these gardens afford. Once I remember looking down an area, and seeing it made beautiful with these Day Lilies. So treasurable a plant should have every advantage, and I would advise all who may think of purchasing plants to get the best kinds in cultivation. It is surely worth it in the case of plants that last a lifetime. This *Hemerocallis* will flower in partial shade. I planted a clump once under the shadow of an old Apple tree, by way of experiment, and found that the soft-toned colouring was especially beautiful in the shaded light. The first time I ever saw the Day Lily in flower was during a stay in Brittany. There was a bit of grass enclosure beside the roadway, and out of the grass grew one large clump of *Hemerocallis* in full flower. It made one of the most charming flower pictures I have ever seen. Perhaps this little description of it may prove suggestive to those who delight in beautiful effects achieved through the simplest methods, which, by the way, is the secret of all the most artistic garden effects. This *Hemerocallis* is very beautiful growing in the grass beside the garden stream or above the still pond. Yet I think I could count on one hand the number of times that I have seen this subject so grown in England; there are plants that gain marvellously in beauty by being grown in this manner out of a grass groundwork, but, perhaps, none more than this Day Lily.

Then the tall-growing Phlox, how it rejoices in this deep, moist soil; how it flames out amid paler-tinted

flowers! It is the very thing to catch the eye at the level below the Hollyhocks. Few people, I think, value as they should this tone of brightest rose colour in the perennial border. It is not largely represented in the garden world, and therefore we should make the best of it. Beautiful as this colour is at close quarters, its great value is its effectiveness at a distance. There is a gaiety in this bright rose colour that nothing else in the garden can compare with so far as colour goes. But as you value the artistic beauty of your garden, grow self colours in this Phlox. *Adonis* is a charming and bright variety, and so also is *Boule de Feu*. *Coccinea* is a brilliant crimson, with large trusses of flowers; while *Avenir* is also very bright, and has a centre of somewhat deeper tone. Others to be recommended are *Zouave* and *Coquelicot*. For pure white blossoms, *La Sylphide* is beautiful and lasts in flower a long time. *Mrs. E. H. Jenkins* is another splendid white, and among the older varieties *Panama* is distinctly good.

In this heavy soil Phlox need a certain amount of summer attention; hoeing (with a Dutch hoe) between the plants is a great assistance during a drought, and a generous mulch of short stable manure put on after a thorough watering should not be omitted. The plants have a shabby appearance if the leaves hang limply down, or turn yellow, and half the decorative value of the plants departs. With Phlox it should be the aim of all who study the perfection of beauty to attend to the health of the plants. Health and beauty go hand in hand in the garden, and Phloxes will not remain in health if they lack sufficient moisture.

Every border should have a feature—the feature of

this particular border is its wealth of Hollyhocks. I have already mentioned these in writing of the Phlox. Now, there is absolutely nothing by which we can get so decorative an effect as from the double-flowered Hollyhocks, so long as the best colours are selected—clear, clean, bright colours that glow in the sunshine. Colour at eight, nine, or even ten feet from the ground, and such colour, is magnificent; and Hollyhocks, for their height, take wonderfully little space. There is that about a Hollyhock that does not make it out of place or ill-proportioned in the smallest garden. I have in my mind's eye a minute cottage garden where one grand Hollyhock was the striking feature of the whole place. It raised that wayside cottage garden into the category of beautiful gardens: it formed a decorative panel, so to speak, in the landscape that one would not willingly have missed. It is difficult to find sufficient praise for Hollyhocks. August and Hollyhocks—the two should be inseparable in all gardens. They are deep-rooted plants, and enjoy the heavy soil of the border, especially as in summer they, like the Phloxes, have the benefit of a top-dressing to prevent the hard baking of the surface soil. I have been told, though I do not vouch for the truth of it, that if Condry's fluid is applied to the leaves on the first appearance of the dreaded disease, it proves an effectual cure. I understand that it should be applied with a sponge, as gentle friction is necessary with the application. The best way to succeed with Hollyhocks is to sow seed in April or May, and bring forward the young plants through the summer in a nursery bed, putting them in their flowering quarters as early as possible in the autumn. It may

be only fancy, but I always think plants grown in this way from seed are more satisfactory than those reared from cuttings. Should the seedlings be very small, that is to say, should an early sowing have been forgotten, it will be advisable to winter them in a frame, rather than entrust them to the cold, heavy border, where they may perchance damp off at the collar.

Some of the *Campanulas* grow well in this heavy soil. But it is quite hopeless to rear a batch of seeds and plant them in such a border as one would in the ordinary way during early autumn. They simply disappear, sometimes almost immediately. But if well-established plants are brought from some other portion of the garden, such varieties as *C. macrantha*, *C. persicifolia* are quite safe, and become grand specimens in their new quarters. Even *C. carpatica*, if planted by division of old plants in April, will succeed well, and I should imagine that *C. turbinata* would do the same, while the beautiful *C. pyramidalis*, if wintered in a frame, and put out in spring, will make a grand show, though a winter may probably prove fatal to them, whether the plants be old or young, if left in the heavy soil.

The perennial Sunflowers should do well in this heavy soil. But we must bear in mind that this heavy soil is hard baked on the surface during a summer drought. Like the *Phlox decussata*, the perennial Sunflowers are shallow rooted, and few varieties strike their roots deep down into the moisture below. The same treatment meted out to the *Phlox* should be given to the perennial Sunflowers in such a border. Once prevent the evaporation of the surface moisture, for which purpose a mulch of short manure is invaluable, and the Sunflowers get

ahead and make grand autumn plants covered with blossom. The variety Miss Mellish will overtop the tallest Hollyhock, and become a veritable giant.

What has been said concerning these plants is applicable also to the tall-growing blue *Veronica*: indeed, few plants show more painfully the lack of sufficient moisture, and when this is the case the length of the flower spike is small and meagre. But the tiny, trailing *Veronica rupestris* is rampant. I believe it would in a few seasons carpet the whole border, if allowed.

The family of *Oenothera* should be largely represented where the soil is of a retentive nature. So many gardeners restrict themselves to one variety (*O. Lamarckiana*), as if that were the only Evening Primrose under cultivation. No fewer than twenty varieties may find a place in our gardens, and yield us yellow, white, and rose-coloured flowers. This is an exceedingly beautiful family, and some of the trailing kinds are among the best and most decorative plants that can be chosen to furnish some raised rock edging to a long border.

*Galega* literally covers itself with its white or mauve blossoms, and is a very different kind of plant in this deep soil than when seen growing in a dry, sandy spot. A study of its long and plentiful roots is sufficient to make one realise how it must revel in getting them far from the surface, and into the moisture that it takes a long drought indeed to extract from the depths below. *Polyanthus* flourish in the spring, and look unhappy all the summer; however, they recover and flower abundantly, almost hiding their foliage. They are amongst the gayest of spring blossoms.

The Roses never fail; they are splendid, as, indeed, they ought to be, for they are most liberally treated in the matter of manure. But it is proverbial that Roses luxuriate in clay soil.

It often happens that you think you have obtained the very thing that if anything succeeds should do so. Knowing the moisture-loving nature of the *Spiræa*, it might be thought that *Spiræa aruncus* was a very safe thing from which to expect success, but though it has been planted a year it has made no growth at all, and, if anything, is smaller than when first put in: evidently it is not a subject that takes kindly to heavy clay.

Oriental Poppies are grand in early June, and come up all over the border like weeds, while *Anchusa* has to be dug up every autumn by dozens. *Anemone japonica* also flourishes. The plants do not grow to a great size, not to compare with the huge sheaves that I recall as seen in another old country garden in East Anglia, where the soil consists of a delightful, fine, silky loam. But small though the plants are in this cold, heavy border, they throw up grand flowering stems, strong and lusty, and to the charm of their autumn blossoms they have the additional beauty of perfect health and vigour—a consideration of no mean importance.

Starworts have to be divided every second year, or they would become too dense and unwieldy. *Rudbeckia* forms one of the latest-flowering and most charming of the autumn flowers. It suffers, however, during a time of drought, and is best in a wet summer. It certainly flourishes in its cold quarters, but I think would prefer, on the whole, lighter and more porous soil.

Pinks do well if renewed every few years; but any

division or filling of gaps has to be attended to as early in the autumn as possible, or the gaps are again conspicuous in the spring. Geums and Potentillas flower abundantly, but the border is so long and so wide that these small-flowered subjects are not sufficiently decorative, and are but sparingly grown. Such things as these are seen to far greater advantage in narrow borders. Delphiniums do moderately well; they seem to run to seed sooner than is generally the case. Like the perennial Sunflowers, however, if they flourish at all they are far too valuable to be omitted.

If Chrysanthemums are entrusted to such soil as I am describing, they flower grandly, but they must be lifted so soon as they have finished flowering, and wintered in a cold frame, to be divided and replanted during the month of April.

The Acanthus makes splendid growth, but does not flower. This is to be deplored, for though not brightly coloured there are few plants with a higher decorative value, so far as charm of form goes, than is an Acanthus in blossom. Cannas and Dahlias are excellent in this deep soil, especially the latter. The Cannas flower late, but make striking objects, as the bold, green leaves attain great size.

Doronicum is a failure, a dead failure, and not to be thought of in such cold clay.

Pæonies are nothing to boast of, and sometimes refuse to flower, but Funkias are more successful.

Curiously enough, the fragile-looking little *Dicentra exima* flourishes as well as anything in the whole border—and flowers for months. It is such a dainty,

delicate little thing in appearance that it is one of the last things that one would expect to succeed in such a place, but it flowers about twice the length of time in this border that it does on a bit of rock-work.

The old-fashioned Bergamot is another subject that makes rampant growth and yields abundant blossom. So also would Solidago, Hawkweed and Centaurea, but they become so coarse, and make such tremendous growth that, if allowed to remain, they continually have to be restrained from encroaching on other things.

In dealing with a border composed of such soil, I would caution the unwary never in autumn to entrust to it seedling plants: it is courting failure. Far better is it to plant such things in some warmer and drier portion of the garden for the first year, and the following autumn they can, with greater safety, be removed to such a border, if necessary.

Again, the division of roots, transplanting, and autumn work generally, on such heavy soil should be done early in the season. The plants need to be firmly established before the sharp frosts commence.

It is well to remember at the time of staking that in deep, rich soil the tall, autumn-flowering plants attain great height, and need almost double the length of stake than would the same plants on light, sandy soil—and need the stakes strong in proportion. Such things as Helianthus, the tall Rudbeckias, etc., need really substantial support. They are at their heaviest—weighted, that is to say, with all their flowers—at the time of the autumn gales.



So soon as the foliage dies down on such ground, it should be carted away as speedily as possible, to give the ground a chance of a sharp dry, if a warm period should set in before winter commences. Hoeing in summer is of great service, as it keeps the surface broken, and helps to prevent the hard baking, otherwise inevitable, during hot, dry weather.

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CHAPTER VII.

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PLANTS THAT SUCCEED IN HEAVY SOIL  
(*continued*).

BULBS for this border have to be selected with care. The Iris family may be plentifully represented, for they do not appear the worse for contact with the cold clay, and, best of all, they never fail to flower. The English Irises are very beautiful, and flower later than the fibrous-rooted kinds. The Spanish Iris does not increase as it does in lighter and more open soil, and the stock gradually decreases; but when bulbs can be purchased for one shilling a hundred, and they blossom without fail the first year, and, to a large extent, in succeeding seasons, it is not of great moment if a fresh hundred or two are added each autumn. Unfortunately, nothing will induce that charming little *Gladiolus* known as "The Bride" to make a good show even the first year. But the larger-flowered varieties, *Brenchleyensis* and *Marie Lemoine*, which are not planted until March, are

very fine—so also is *Hyacinthus candicans*. This, like the *Gladioli*, is lifted by the first week in November, dried, and stored for the winter. Bulbs of this *Hyacinthus* that may be overlooked do not perish, but the flowering-stem the succeeding year is weaker and poorer than those that have been dried. This hint may prove of use to those who are not altogether satisfied with these bulbs—try lifting them, if not every autumn, at least once in two years.

Both the *Gladioli* and *Hyacinthus candicans* enjoy a good depth of soil—the deeper the soil, the finer the flowers—and the corms should be planted singly to obtain the best results: from six to eight inches apart in the case of the *Gladioli*, and from four to five inches for the *Hyacinthus candicans*. Of the *Gladiolus Gandavensis*, such named sorts as *L'Incendie*, *Grand Rouge*, and *Pasteur* are splendid. I make no mention of the parti-coloured sorts, such as *Hesperide*, for, from a decorative point of view, these are far less valuable than self colours.

*Lilium croceum*, strong and sturdy as it is, refuses to survive a second winter in this soil. Tiger Lilies likewise die out, but so long as the more enduring Day Lily flourishes and flowers abundantly, we can spare these orange Lilies with greater equanimity. After all, their colour is very difficult to place, and many a border is less beautiful by their presence than it is by their omission. The tone of colour of the Day Lily is much softer and less aggressive.

Of bulbs that are planted in autumn, *Hyacinths*,

Tulips, Daffodils and Narcissi all flower well; but at the time of planting some sharp grit is put into each hole for the bulb to rest upon, and more sprinkled immediately round the sides of it, as this would appear to let the moisture filter from the bulb—anyway, as a rule, few failures have to be noted, though often at the time of planting the ground is saturated, and I should not like to say what is the weight of one trowel-full of the solid earth that can only be removed in great lumps. But the bulbs seem to like it.

It is of no use to attempt to make an autumn sowing of even the hardiest annuals on this border. From spring sowing little success can be looked for, but if the seeds are sown in pots and boxes, and afterwards transplanted, say, in April and May, when the earth is sufficiently warmed and dried, then the best results may be expected. *Nicotiana affinis*, for instance, is grand, and flowers the whole summer, and the autumn, too, for the matter of that. The foliage attains great size, and the decorative value of the plants is considerable if they are given sufficient room. An annual that simply covers itself with bloom and flowers from early summer until the frost sets in is the *Coreopsis*. So fine-stemmed and delicate a plant one hesitates to entrust to this soil, but there is no need for hesitation—the plant is far stronger than it looks, and luxuriates in the deep, rich soil. *Arctotis grandis* is another annual that does remarkably well on the clay soil. The habit of growth of this annual is graceful in the extreme, the silvery foliage is of beautiful form, the long stems of the

flowers have a wonderful charm about them—everything, in fact, about this plant is beautiful, except the blossom itself. I do not mean to say that this is not beautiful, but it seems somewhat inferior when seen crowning so beautiful a type of plant as this. Moreover, as often as not, the blossoms do not expand the whole day through, even when the sun shines; it is as if the long-petalled, languid flowers were too lazy to wake from slumber. No one should attempt to grow *Nasturtiums* in such soil; the result is much foliage, and blossom quite lost beneath it.

In a long, wide border it is almost impossible to forego that most effective of annuals, *Lavatera trimestris*, and though a fairly light, rich loam is its favourite soil, still, by putting plenty of leaf-mould, sand, and rotten stable-manure into the holes dug to receive the seedlings, it manages to make a fine show, and is worth any trouble that it may entail. No annual is so effective as this during August, and the white and pale pink blossoms should be grown in every garden where effect is studied. It is particularly suitable for a border where, in the background, *Hollyhocks* find place. The eye comes down from them to rest on the *Lavatera* with a restful sense of harmony and continuity of form. *Scabiosa caucasica* is another useful thing that must be made to succeed if possible. Hardy perennial though it is, seldom will it survive the inhospitable conditions of this soil; it must be removed to a warmer and drier border for the winter, or it must be treated as an annual, as it flowers the first year if sown early in heat, and

brought forward in the same manner as the half-hardy annuals.

*Nigella* makes beautiful filling amid the larger and bolder blossoms towards the front of the border. We do not need all the flowers of a border to be strikingly brilliant, and the quiet, restful charm of this *Nigella*, or *Love-in-a-mist*, is singularly attractive, dainty, and cool-looking. It acts as a foil to the more flaunting colours. This annual should never be grown in single specimens, neither should there be a large mass of it, but as an under-planting—here, under *Gladioli*, further down carpeting the ground around the earliest flowering *Chrysanthemums*, and, again, straggling planting, until it widens out around some *Montbretia*, is to see it under beautiful conditions. This annual continues decorative after its flowering period, for its seed-vessels are only less beautiful than its blossoms.

*Eucharidium grandiflorum* and *E. Breweri*.—These annuals are autumn-sown, on a dry spot, and removed in the spring to the border that has proved too wet and cold for them to be entrusted to it for the winter months; they are grown principally for the sake of the particularly pleasing shade of colour of their purple flowers.

By this treatment many other annuals do excellently, and have the advantage of a winter's growth, a consideration to which due weight is seldom given. Yet it is a matter of the utmost importance, if annuals are ever to be allowed to demonstrate their true value. The difficulty attending this treatment of

annuals is to get sufficient space for autumn sowing while still the gardens are full of summer subjects. In small gardens this is a very real difficulty, and one not easily surmounted; pot-sowing would appear to be the easiest manner of meeting the case.

Many of the small, dwarf rock-plants can, if desired, be grown in the heavy soil border—Aubrietia, mossy Saxifrage, Silene Schafta, and many others—and these prove valuable in summer droughts, forming, as they do, a living and beautiful top-dressing for taller plants, and go far to prevent that distressing baked-up surface that is the great evil of this heavy clay soil if left exposed to the sun.

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CHAPTER VIII.

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FLOWERING PLANTS SUITABLE FOR THE  
HOT, DRY BORDER.

HERE we have conditions exactly opposite to those of the heavy, cold clay soil that already we have considered.

I have in my mind a long, narrow border, very hot and very dry throughout the summer. It faces west, and after midday is exposed to the fierce heat of the summer sunshine until sunset. This border runs under the lea of a long stretch of forest trees, chiefly Ashes, Hornbeams and Sycamores; and these, though cut back from unduly overhanging, yet manage to keep off a great portion of the summer rainfall, and also to utilise any moisture there may be in the soil for their own nourishment.

Under these conditions it will often require many experiments before any degree of success can be attained during the most trying of the dry months.



The only thing to be done is to seek a selection of plants that shall, under the circumstances, be able to make some show of success and vigour, and to banish ruthlessly all those that experience teaches are absolutely misplaced, and therefore unable to yield blossoms worthy of their species.

In this chapter I hope to call attention both to those plants that may be grown with some show of success, and also to mention some that experiment has shown that it is useless to attempt to grow in such a position.

Now, it must not be supposed that such a border as I am describing can never be beautiful. I maintain that from February to the middle, and sometimes to the end, of June, according to the season, such a border may be the gayest and the most charming portion of the whole garden. It will be remembered that the trees are deciduous, and this means that only during the summer months is the rainfall denied it, and also that the many hours of sunshine, except during the heat of the summer months, are both grateful and healthful to the plant life of the border. Again, the border is under the distinct advantage of possessing so picturesque a background as the great Ivy-clad tree trunks, and the dim, dark spaces between where peeps of garden woodland are visible.

The border is about five feet wide and some hundred yards in length, and if many of the summer-flowering perennials are dismal failures, a large proportion of the spring plants grow and flower in great

profusion. Here is a grand position to make a good decorative use of bulbs together with other spring-flowering plants.

The first flowers of the year actually in this border are orange Crocuses, in great numbers. But beyond these in the woodland the ground is thickly carpeted with Snowdrops and Winter Aconites. This distribution of the early flowers always strikes me as being in excellent keeping with one's sense of fitness. The type of flower—the *Crocus*, to wit—for the border is *rightly* placed. This flower, in England, at any rate, is in keeping with the ordered culture of the border, and I say this in spite of great admiration for Crocuses growing in grass. All shades grow together, and for the most part are of medium size; some of the recent giant varieties are less beautiful than those of more moderate proportions.

These flowers are the main decoration of the border for a considerable period, and their rich colour, contrasted with the wealth of paler tones of white and yellow beyond, is striking and effective. Clumps of *Hepatica*, of palest porcelain-blue, are in flower sometimes before the last of the Crocuses have passed. Then comes the brighter blue of *Chionodoxa Luciliæ*, *C. grandiflora* and *C. Gardensis*. Daffodils and Forget-me-nots follow, together with yellow *Violas*, white *Violas*, and hundreds of the brightest-coloured *Polyanthuses*. These last are pitiful to see during the late summer, but they always recover, and prove profusely floriferous, in spite of being half-baked for some months.

Of later-flowering plants, a word of sincere and grateful praise must be found for the beautiful *Æthionema*. It is well worthy of trial in such a border as I am describing, and it has the charm of being but seldom seen.

But I must not go forward too fast, for there are still some May flowers to mention. Pheasant-eye Narcissi are beautiful against the dark background, and are planted the entire length of the border, as, indeed, are most of the other subjects.

White and crimson *Honesty* are always welcome May flowers, but some years they give place to Wallflowers. It is impossible to grow them both in the same border at the same time; that is to say, the Wallflower and the crimson variety of *Honesty*, as the combination of colour is cruel.

Nothing in this border succeeds better than *Doronicum austriacum* and *D. Pardalianches*. They flower at the same time as the Forget-me-not; and the yellow *Doronicums*, springing out of the blue, make a beautiful spring picture. *Doronicum austriacum* is quite dwarf in habit, and is to be especially recommended towards the front of the border. It never fails to bloom luxuriantly. It suffers badly in the summer, but always survives to flower again the following spring. The taller-growing *D. Pardalianches* is later to flower. But it is invaluable for weeks in May, June and July when in bloom. It dies off completely by the middle of August, or, rather, the old stems do; new leaves are pushed up as the old ones disappear. I sometimes wonder what degree of dryness would prove fatal to the fleshy roots of this plant.

The German Irises do well if fairly forward in the border, and flower grandly, and so do some of the early-flowering, dwarf, bulbous kinds. Many varieties of Lilies seem to delight in a dry border—the familiar, old Madonna Lily in this border is really grand. It would seem that the conditions exactly suit it—plenty of moisture through the winter and early spring, and, after that, the severest drought. The best clump is close beside a giant Ash, and the soil above it is like powder; yet it flowers profusely, and, I notice, is very speedy to throw up new growth after flowering. Nothing in the whole border is more effective than these *Lilium candidum*, and that such plants succeed in such a situation is indeed something to know, and something to be grateful for.

The great feature of this border in early summer, however, is supplied by the Foxgloves. Far back in the border, and stretching away under the cool shade of the trees, these native plants are seen, as is fitting, with a beautiful background. Purple Foxgloves, with white ones here and there among them, always seem to be one of the most charming pictures we can look upon. I have recommended the Galega for the cold, heavy soil. Less luxuriant, much dwarfer, it is yet invaluable in the hot, dry border; so deep-rooted is it that it can withstand drought that would be fatal to the majority of perennials.

*Antirrhinums* can combat drought and poverty of soil better than many subjects; and in this border I notice that self-sown seedlings are far and away the best. The stock has been in the border a long time, and these seedlings are far more woody—and dryer of

stem—than seedlings transplanted from moister soil.

I may as well say at once that little is to be expected of Hollyhocks, perennial Sunflowers, Phlox, or perennial Asters. All these do best in deep, rich soil, and, during their later growth, require considerable moisture, while the two last-named grow with their roots so near the surface that, unless they are frequently watered and looked after, invariably yield small, meagre flowers, and have nothing of the beauty of health about them—and this we can no more spare than we can beauty of colour.

Should the conditions be more favourable than in the border I am describing, and any or all of these plants can be induced to flourish fairly well, they should be grown, as they are of the greatest value: and something can be done to help them by supplying them with a generous mulch of rotten manure, covered over with a sprinkling of leaf-mould. Of course, where labour is not greatly to be considered, copious watering will go far to spell success. But even in this dry border the early-flowering Chrysanthemums, with this help in the form of a mulch, and an occasional watering with weak liquid manure, can be made to yield many flowers. It is a good plan in such a border, where the whole cannot receive much attention, to single out some one subject to treat with more care than the rest. In selecting early-flowering Chrysanthemums for this care, much satisfaction will be the result. I think the best effect will be secured if fairly dwarf varieties are selected. It may be fancy, but I always think that, having less length of stem to sustain, they better withstand the trying

conditions under which they have to grow. Few kinds will be found to succeed better than the Pompon known as Flora (which commences to flower in July); Madame Marie Masse; and Crimson Madame Marie Masse or (but not both) Orange Marie Masse are excellent, as are also Madame Amand Groz, Edith Syrratt, Mytchett Beauty and Ryecroft Glory.

The grand stand-by of this border, so far as the more forward portion of it is concerned, is, during the late summer and autumn, *Sedum spectabile*, with its handsome and decorative foliage, and its soft pink flowers. It is grand because, apart from its effective beauty, it is in such robust health and vigour that it attracts the eye to it, and away from the languid and limp plant life surrounding it, the drooping *Doronicums* and *Polyanthuses*, for instance. Again, it lasts in flower over a long period, and commences to blossom in August, which is the time when the border most needs its help.

The *Campanulas* can be relied upon to do moderately well, especially *C. medium* (the Canterbury Bell), which in these days is a beautiful subject now that we can obtain it in pale tones of blue, pink, and white. It would be invaluable did it remain in flower over a longer period. As it is, the double form will prove far and away the most useful in the dry border, as it has considerably more staying powers. It is better not to rely on chance, self-sown seeds, but annually to sow in April or May, and transplant in the autumn. *C. macrantha* and *C. carpatica* flower and flourish moderately well. The stately *C. pyramidalis*, however, is no subject for the hot, dry border. It may flower weakly, but gives no impression of its true beauty and character. The

Platycodons, especially *P. grandiflora*, make striking plants, and at any rate should be tried: they are not particular as to soil.

Almost invaluable in such a border as I am describing is the Sweet William—and, again, in positions like this, I must plead for double varieties, as it is essential that every plant in the border shall yield blossom over as long a period as possible. These Sweet Williams may be used plentifully, and may carpet the ground about taller-growing subjects. They are exceedingly helpful used in this manner, as they prevent too rapid evaporation of moisture when some heavy rain does reach the dry, powdery soil. Red and white Valerian should have a fair trial, and should prove successful to some extent. The tall-growing plants are the most difficult to deal with; but a great effort should be made to grow the noble *Eryngium* with success, or some of the *Echinops*. Useful in the same manner as the preceding is *Scolymus hispanicus*, as it attains a height of three feet or more, and is likely to succeed where many things fail. Such subjects as these under the unfavourable conditions have to become the substitutes for those grand subjects that absolutely refuse to succeed, the Hollyhocks and perennial Sunflowers, and other plants that are invaluable for late summer and autumn, and would, could they be induced to flourish, be especially beautiful with such a background. But it is of little use to lament the inevitable, and the best thing to do is to experiment, and go on experimenting, until some tall-growing substitute is found. We must not forget to mention *Libertia*, a New Zealand plant, evergreen, and bearing white flowers.

It may sometimes happen that a few annuals are necessary to fill up unwelcome gaps. Not many annuals, however, will succeed under these unfavourable conditions. They are unable to make the necessary rapid growth, and many of them in such a border would be, at their best, weakly, miserable specimens. There are but three annuals of tall growth that I would ever attempt to grow in such a position: the first is *Delphinium consolida*, a grand double-flowered variety, of which the blue-flowered kind is the best. The others are the blue Cornflower and *Chrysanthemum segetum grandiflorum frutescens*—in other words, the yellow Corn Marigold. Both these annuals may be relied upon for these dry, parched positions; both yield bright, cheery colour, and when once established will reappear as self-sown seedlings year after year. It stands to reason that these annuals should flourish: the original stock has for hundreds of years shared the ground and the minimum of moisture during hot, fierce droughts with myriads of wheat stems, and flowered and flourished during the hottest portion of the year.

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## CHAPTER IX.

## THE ROCK GARDEN.

THERE have been signs, this good while past, that the taste for, and appreciation of, Rock gardens are growing every year.

Just as there is no part of the beautiful Kew Gardens so interesting and picturesque as its Rock garden, so should that portion of the private garden be made one of its most interesting features, and will be, if planted with judgment, and, above all things, a knowledge of the flowering periods of the different plants chosen to furnish it.

The mound stuck with stones and planted with *Arabis* and *London Pride*, and little or nothing else, we do not recognise as a rock garden in the true sense of the words—it is not even worthy of a backyard garden in the suburbs. No one need be afraid to devote generous space, and a good, not to say the best aspect his garden possesses to his rock garden.

As to soil—there must everywhere be sufficient depth of surface soil; nowhere should the subsoil be within two feet, and, if three, so much the better, for many Alpines are deep-rooted and cannot combat severe droughts in a confined root-run. The kind of soil for some few subjects is an important matter, but we shall do well to remember that we have a wide choice of plants that flourish in ordinary garden soil. I may say here, that, where a plant is found to do well in heavy soil—a heavy loam, or clay—by all means let it enjoy this rather than a lighter compost.

In making a rock garden it is better to use too few rather than too many pieces of rock or stone. The steep mound is one of the worst possible forms for the rock garden to take from a practical point of view, quite as much as from the artistic standpoint. It means that plants on the upper portions suffer greatly during long summer droughts, and, although this may do them little harm in the long run, while so suffering they give the rock garden a most dreary and languishing appearance. A well-made rockwork should slope outwards from its summit to its base; by that formation no part is overhung, and moisture kept from reaching it. Any stiff formal design in any portion of the rock garden is not to be tolerated—diamonds, hearts and crescents must have no place here. Many of the rock garden subjects are wide-spreading, and, therefore, a certain breadth and boldness of design is desirable, combined with the greatest simplicity possible. Where a difficulty in getting stone is experienced, I have noticed that the maker of a rock garden contents himself with a large proportion of rock, or stone, too small and insignificant for his pur-

pose. True, it is possible to make an ample ledge, and face it with these small stones, but the result is seldom wholly satisfactory; between each of these small stones, unless marvellously well fitted together, will be interstices through which moisture and soil will escape.

A point to remember in making a new rock garden is to leave the soil sufficient time to settle before entrusting plants to it. It will invariably be found that additional soil will be needed when planting operations commence. I should like to insist on this point, which experience has taught is one of considerable importance, as it concerns the welfare of the plants, and the appearance of the whole.

With the gradual furnishing of the rock garden with many forms of plant life comes one of the most interesting occupations the enthusiastic gardener will ever experience. The rock garden grows upon you, and you feel an enjoyment and fascination in your plants with their charming setting of informal rock that plants growing in a border can never yield. The planning, planting, and filling of a rock garden have turned many an ordinarily interested garden possessor into an ardent enthusiast.

In naming a few plants suitable for a new rock garden, I have the novice in my mind, rather than the experienced gardener. The plants recommended will be found to be of easy culture, decorative to a high degree, and in many cases such as enjoy a long period of flowering. It is very important when planting a rock garden to bear in mind that it is not only the spring months that have to be considered, but summer and autumn as well. For the spring there is a wealth of subjects from which

to choose, and, commonplace and familiar though they are, white *Arabis*, yellow *Alyssum* and mauve *Aubrietia* must each of them find a place. They must not, however, be used to the exclusion of other plants: they must be kept in bounds, and perhaps the best way to do this is to have a supply of young plants which are more compact and easier to deal with, to replace plants that have flowered. This course of procedure is very little trouble—a sowing of *Aubrietia* in April in some spare spot, and the transplanting of the young plants in autumn to the rock garden, while cuttings of *Arabis* and *Alyssum* dibbled into the ground in some cool spot, and likewise left until autumn, will always ensure plenty of young plants. Treatment of the plants after this manner has another advantage; the old plants can be uprooted as soon as they have finished flowering, and much valuable space will be gained for summer display. It may not always be necessary to throw these old plants on the rubbish heap, as, deeply planted in some outlying border where space is of less consequence, they will, with an occasional watering during the summer, make fine patches of colour during the ensuing spring.

In every rock garden the intense blue of the beautiful *Gentiana acaulis* must appear. A moderately-moist spot should be chosen for it, as it is impatient of summer drought. There is no blue like it, and we can willingly give it ample space. It should be left undisturbed when once established, to grow into large clumps. *G. verna* is of like intensity of colouring, but the blossoms are smaller. Though less beautiful than *G. acaulis*, it is so much more lovely than many other plants that space well may be found for both varieties.

That variety of *Iberis* known as *I. sempervirens* (Little Gem) is a charming plant, and still more enduring and effective is the double form. These plants are suitable for the small rock garden; where more space is at command, *I. coriæfolia* should certainly be planted. The *Iberis* is a flower of homely type, but it is grandly effective from a decorative point of view. It is commonplace, and familiar to everyone, but, so long as it is not used to the exclusion of more beautiful plants, may be generously cultivated, for it is long in blossom, and produces great dense masses of white flowers.

I shall not do more than touch the fringe of that vast subject, the Saxifrages, or, as I like best to call them, the Rockfoils. But how beautiful are some of these rock garden gems: how handsome the great Indian *Saxifraga*, or *Megasea*, such, for instance, as *M. Stracheyi*. In March the beautiful heads of pale flowers appear above the glossy leaves—one authority likens the blossom to a mass of Apple blossom. It is well worth a journey to Kew on a spring day to enjoy the sight of this plant in the rock garden there. Indeed, the sight of the various Saxifrages in flower during March and April might well arouse the enthusiasm of all visitors, and stir them to make a collection of these plants in their own gardens. The *Megaseas* give much character by their bold and distinct foliage and heavy flower-heads, and undoubtedly must find a place in any but the smallest attempt at a rock garden. At good nurseries the plants may be secured at the moderate price of 9d. or 1s.

Almost every piece of rockwork in the kingdom, I suppose, boasts its patch of the ordinary mossy Saxifrage,

and beautiful it is, but not to be compared, so far as decorative effect and length of blooming goes, with the larger-flowered *S. Composi*, or *Wallacei*. This, perhaps, is the most to be treasured of any of the white-flowered *Saxifrages* belonging to the mossy section. It begins to flower in mid-April, and until well on in July the plants are continuously covered with flowers borne on long stems, and dazzlingly white. In this same section, *S. Rhei*, with its lovely pink blossoms, cannot be over-praised; it is marvellously effective at a height of less than four inches. And what a joy is the early-flowering *S. oppositifolia*, with its masses of rose-purple flowers springing out of the dwarfest foliage. It is with something akin to pride that we regard this early year treasure: it is a native plant. So also is *S. granulata*, and is commoner than the preceding. It, too, is worthy of being transferred from hedgebank or meadow to the rock garden.

It is a mistake to suppose the rock garden is to be allowed to grow only dwarf and wide-spreading subjects. Many plants of bold and upright habit, as well as plants bearing their flowers on long and slender stems, certain shrubs, and a proportion of clean-cut, bulbous foliage, should always find place. The rock garden, even more than the perennial border, needs to have accentuated anything that lends character and boldness to the place as a whole. Many of the *Sedums* are useful, late summer-flowering plants. *S. Ewersi*, with its bright, rose-coloured blossoms, is greatly to be recommended.

There is a bright-flowering plant for the months of July and August that is charming in the rock garden, indeed far more effective there than in the border. I

mean *Prunella grandiflora rosea*. It is such a healthy, strong grower, and the colouring so clear and intense, that it becomes a striking object from afar. It should be grown in a good, bold mass.

It is difficult to imagine people who know the Rock Roses—the *Helianthemums*—by sight being content to allow these beautiful flowering subjects to go unrepresented in their gardens. I do not know any plants that I treasure much more, nor any that yield more blossoms to the space they cover. For months the plants are covered with blossom. *H. amabile* fl. pl. is grand from the decorative standpoint, both as to colour (orange-red) and mass of colour. Then, *H. vulgare* is worthy of an annual sowing until sufficient diversity of colouring has been obtained. Bright reds, rose, softest pinks and rose-pinks, yellows, orange-yellows, white and cream, yield a beautiful variety. The plants flourish on dry, sandy spots, even if exposed to a fierce southern sun. Those who have seen the yellow Rock Rose growing wild—and it may often be found in English lanes—will know that it is the driest, sunniest bank that it chooses.

The Rock Roses are of the easiest culture. As soon as the plants have finished flowering, the garden scissors should be requisitioned, and the stems shortened back almost their full length; plenty of young growth will immediately follow, and not many weeks will elapse before another period of flowering will commence. Other of the Rock Roses which should likewise find a place are *Cistus laurifolius*, and *Cistus ladaniferus*, known as Gum Cistus. These are two to three feet in height, and very floriferous, producing really beautiful flowers, not unlike a wild Rose.

The Campanulas should be well represented, both tall and dwarf varieties. Among the dwarf kinds, *C. carpatica* and *C. turbinata* are indispensable, as they bear large-sized blossoms in comparison to the size of the plant. Both white and blue forms of each of these varieties should be secured; these are late-flowering plants, and, being large and distinctive, may be given a prominent position.

The perennial *Silenes* yield some highly-effective plants. *S. pennsylvanica* is a veritable gem, and produces beautiful rose-coloured flowers. It is seldom seen, but is of easy culture, and should be allowed ample space. *S. Elizabethæ*, again, is a pleasing variety, growing about six inches in height, and proving highly floriferous. For white-flowering varieties, *S. alpestris* is a charming variety.

If *Cerastium* is grown, by all means let it be the old variety known as *C. tomentosum*, rather than *C. grandiflorum*, should the rock garden not be of ample proportions. Even for the first-named considerable space is encroached upon: it is what gardeners graphically term "smothering." But it is distinctly effective; the white foliage is at all times decorative, and the blossom has well earned for itself the name "Snow in Summer." Where used in the rock garden I would recommend the same treatment as I have already done for other plants of the same straggling habit, *i.e.*, *Arabis*, *Aubrietia*, etc. Cuttings of *Cerastium* put in during May and June make large-flowering plants for the following year's display, but they should be in their permanent positions as early as possible in autumn. Again, I repeat, this



extra trouble is suggested only for those gardens where space is limited.

The *Lithospermums*, especially *L. prostratum*, are exceedingly effective when the plants have become well established. Many of the varieties are blue-flowered, and though the individual blossoms are small, they are sufficiently plentiful to make a good display, and in most cases are full-toned. *L. graminifolium* is a charming companion to the variety already named, and both are summer-flowering subjects. They should be planted to fall over the face of some piece of rock.

A fair variety of silvery-leaved plants in the rock garden is desirable, as they afford bright patches, even when flowers are scarce. Among the *Alpine Achilleas*, the variety known as *A. argentea* is a summer and autumn-flowering plant of much value. Some well-drained spot should be chosen for it, and if in partial shade it will blossom as well as in a more open situation.

The *Alpine Poppies* yield an immense variety of colouring, and are charming additions. I have an idea that every portion of the garden should have some one plant that may be allowed, so to speak, to become a wilding—to grow as it listeth, here, there, and everywhere. Such plants give an air of quiet, undisturbed repose. For the rock garden the *Alpine Poppies* are excellent subjects to grow in this manner. They are delicate and dainty of appearance; they yield us white, and orange, yellow, and pink blossoms in grand profusion, and may be procured either with margins entire or fringed: in the last case *Papaver alpinum laciniatum* must be procured.

The well-known and old-fashioned *Thriffs* may be

represented by so distinct and decorative a variety as that known as *Armeria plantaginea*. It is larger than the usual kinds, and lasts in flower over a long period. To flower in mid-autumn we cannot afford to dispense with the blue-flowered *Plumbago Larpentæ*. Considering the value of blue flowers at this season, it is advisable to make more generous use of this plant than if it flowered in April, say.

For some sheltered spot so distinctive a plant as *Oxalis Bowieana* makes a most pleasant variety. It is uncommon, it is beautiful, and it is striking. The plants belong to a high and delicate type—delicate in appearance, that is to say, not in constitution. A second variety that may be associated with it is *Oxalis luteola*.

The smallest as well as the most spacious rock garden must borrow members from the great family of *Dianthus*. *D. neglectus* is, perhaps, though small, one of the most beautiful members of a beautiful family. The flowers are bright and cheery, clean and clear-coloured, and profusely produced, so that a well-grown patch of this plant is more effective than many a more important subject. *D. alpinus* is large-flowered, amongst the dwarfiest of dwarf plants, and a veritable gem if not crowded out by plants of taller growth. Among varieties of taller growth, *D. Carthusianorum* and *D. Knappii* are well worthy of a place; the first-named produces crimson flowers, the second yellow.

As beautiful as the Rock Roses, as indispensable as they, is the lovely little *Dryas*. *D. Drummondii* is yellow, *D. octopetala* is white. Both are dwarf, and both are evergreen; the latter is indigenous, and is known as Mountain Avens. It is not less to be treasured, how-

ever, on that account. It belongs to the family of Rosaceæ—that alone is almost to say that it is beautiful.

All the above may be said to be plants that afford good and lasting colour. They are not rare plants; they need no particular knowledge to make them flourish, but any rock garden furnished with this by no means extensive list of plants would yield much pleasure and beauty. Such plants as need much attention have been omitted—no mention will be found, for instance, of what has been aptly named “the most alpine of all Alpine plants,” the Androsaces, but these and many other beautiful subjects should be added as the novice increases in skill and knowledge.

Many bulbous plants are charming in the rock garden, and need only to be planted to succeed; among them should be so effective a subject as the Camassias. It matters little which variety is chosen, for all are beautiful. *C. Fraseri* is as good as any, and flowers in May. *Crocasmias*, again, for summer and autumn-blooming are invaluable. They are sufficiently unfamiliar to lend an air of distinction and character to any rock garden in which they appear. *Triteleia uniflora* is another excellent bulbous plant for the rock garden. The more familiar bulbous subjects, *Scillas*, *Daffodils*, and *Muscari* will, of course, find a place. I should like to call especial attention to the quaintness and suitability of *M. plumosus*—the Feather Hyacinth, as sometimes it is called.

Any moist spot should be devoted to the great and beautiful family of *Primulaceæ*, both to its bulbous and fibrous-rooted subjects. There is more beauty, perhaps, in this one family than in any other. It includes the

hardy Cyclamens—the winter treasures of the rock garden—the lovely Dodecatheons, than which few spring flowers are more beautiful. It includes those treasures in the Primrose world, such as *Primula denticulata*, *P. japonica*, *P. rosea*, and others.

Before closing this chapter, I would caution the novice, at any rate, against introducing a number of tall and over-arching Ferns among the flowering plants of his rock garden. They are not only out of place, but detrimental to the health of the flowering plants. A well-made rock garden is of necessity a well-drained portion of the garden, and it often proves too dry for Ferns to flourish as they should. Then, a rock garden is not a Fernery; but such minute forms as our native *Adiantums* are, of course, permissible.

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## CHAPTER X.

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### THE VALUE OF PLANTS THAT GIVE A LONG FLOWERING PERIOD.

**A**DVANTAGEOUS as it is to give due consideration to this matter where a large garden is concerned, it is, in the small garden, a matter of more importance, and not studied by the generality of garden-owners as it should be. From a decorative point of view, I would put the consideration of this matter (when a plant has to be chosen) on a level second only to its beauty, in some cases far above it. A plant takes the same amount of space whether it be in flower or not, or nearly, and, therefore, it matters a great deal in the general effect whether a plant lends the aid of its colour for so many weeks, or for a like number of days only.

This long endurance of blossom is the main reason why "bedding-out" plants (Geraniums, Calceolarias and others) hold their own in the garden world as they do. So far as continual and ever-varying interest goes, a bedded-out bed or border cannot compare with a border

in which perennials are grown. Where the one spells monotony in large letters, the other spells charm and pleasure renewed day by day. Here are plants in bud and full of promise (sometimes I think this is the stage that gives the greatest amount of pleasure—the pleasure of “great expectations”). There are plants in the beauty of expanded blossoms, and, again, others ripening, it may be, beautiful seed vessels. Everywhere in the perennial border, variety, different habit, type, form, and colour.

Such is the case as it stands. Perennials have the character, a great many of them, for brevity of flowering period, and the adherents to the bedding-out system, while listening to the plea for perennials, have always to fall back upon that long continuance of blossom of bedding-out plants as an unanswerable excuse for their extensive use.

But a good case can be made out for the perennial border, so far as this matter goes, if sufficient trouble is taken to select those things that are known to give a long period of bloom, and to use these largely, and those with but a short period more sparingly.

Now, one of the most valuable perennials in this respect that we can cultivate is the double *Pyrethrum*. The double varieties last considerably longer than the single, and as we purpose deliberately to choose out this subject, on account of this particular merit of long-flowering, we shall, if we are wise, waive the greater beauty of the single blossoms (if, indeed, they are more beautiful), and grow them in some border where they are not the subjects expressly chosen for their long continuance of blossom. And all said and done, the double

Pyrethrum is beautiful enough for the most fastidious. In it we have pure white or bright rose-crimson flowers at a height of some two and a half feet from the ground, and at that height we have nothing that can compare with these plants for endurance and effectiveness at the period that they are in flower—what the early-flowering Chrysanthemums are to the autumn garden that is the double Pyrethrum to the early summer garden. Such varieties as Captain Nares, Haage et Schmidt, Lord Rosebery, and Alfred are splendid for good, clear, clean colour, while Aphrodite, Karl Voget, and Lady Randolph Churchill are the best whites. Shaded varieties like La Vestale I leave unnoticed—they are of inferior value from the decorative point of view. Pyrethrums ask but little: ordinary soil, a top-dressing of manure in autumn, and to be divided every three years. They are not easy subjects to rear from seed, and that is an additional inducement to buy roots of reliable, named varieties.

Another long bloomer is *Erigeron speciosus*; untidy, limp, but wholly delightful, this old favourite on no account is to be omitted. If its faded flowers are never allowed to ripen into seed, it will flower for months, and few cut blossoms are more cool and refreshing-looking for the house on a hot summer day. They are as acceptable as mauve Galega, and that is saying a great deal. The *Erigeron* grows in any ordinary garden soil. It needs early attention in the matter of staking, and this needs to be performed with considerable care, as the plant must neither be tied into a tight wisp, nor be allowed to roll over *en masse* to one side or the other. The stems are curiously strengthless, though upright

during early growth. Division of the root is the easiest manner of increasing the stock. There are many varieties of dwarfer habit, and among them a really beautiful variety known as *E. salsuginosus*, bearing large, mauve flowers. I believe it is of recent introduction, and certainly it merits wide appreciation when it shall become more generally known. Still another desirable perennial is the *Erodium*. This is of the Crane's-bill order of plants, but distinguished as Stork's-bill. The variety *E. Manescavi* continues in bloom over a long period, and gives us bright purple flowers at from one to two feet from the ground.

Perhaps no single plant outruns the *Hedysarum* in length of bloom. It commences to flower in June, and in November blossoms still may be picked if the weather has been favourable. But, unlike the subjects already named, this *Hedysarum* (French Honeysuckle) cannot be used in the same generous proportion in a long, broad border, for, tall though it grows, the flowers are too insignificant to be used to a greater extent than an occasional filling beside some bolder and nobler-sized plants, and for distant effect it is of no value at all. There is something artistic, however, about the angular habit of growth, and, as it has this great virtue of long flowering, it is a perennial that should find a place in the border for this very reason. The variety *H. coronarium* is the one most often seen, and is a biennial. But there are perennial sorts dwarfer in character, and of these *H. multijugum* is much to be commended for this same merit of long blooming.

Then there are *Violas* which it is possible to have in flower in some portion or other of the garden from



year's end to year's end. This is an absolute fact, even with but a small number of plants at command. The truth is there are so many ways of propagating *Violas*, and so long a period when it may be done, that there never need be a single day in the year when we can exclaim, "There are no *Violas* in the garden!" Seed may be sown in spring for autumn-flowering, and in autumn for summer-flowering; old plants can be divided, and cuttings can be rooted in an incredibly short time. If a few old plants are taken up, trimmed, and planted in some dry corner of the rock garden, they will yield many winter flowers, and if a severe spell does not set in, may be relied upon to welcome in the New Year. *Violas* have so great softness of tone that they make of all dwarf things the most delightful carpeting. Blue, mauve, yellow, sulphur, and white may all be obtained from these *Violas*. They are the cheeriest flowers that the garden knows, and we can never have too many of them. For their height they are, perhaps, the most decorative plants we can grow. Too great a variety of tone should not be grown in the same border. It adds much to the interest if named varieties are cultivated, and among these may be mentioned *J. B. Riding*, bright mauve; *Isolde*, a good yellow; *Royal Sovereign*, bright orange; *Ophelia*, blue-mauve; *Dorothy*, blue; *Emma Sophia*, white. I know an old garden where the great spring feature is made by these *Violas*, and with them a quantity of *Forget-me-Not*. You never saw such a sight as this old garden presents every spring. It becomes a blue garden when the *Forget-me-Not* bursts into bloom. For some time there are signs of what is coming; then there falls an April shower, and then—

the blue Forget-me-Not. It is everywhere, masses of it, borders of it, clouds of it, under the trees, and out in the full blaze of spring sunshine, as blue as a bit of fallen sky—so blue is the garden that it seems to tinge the very air above it.

The days go by, and the blue garden becomes bluer, for the flower stalks lengthen, and the flat, blue heads of bloom stand higher above their green leaves. Such gardening as this represents is true gardening—the poetry of gardening. There is no *glory* (forgive the word) in a solitary plant of Forget-me-Not, nor even in a patch of two or three, as compared to that garden picture I have in my mind. This is the lesson that so many need to learn—the value of masses of dwarf things, such as *Violas* and Forget-me-Nots, and many less familiar subjects than these, that may be planted about and around taller-growing plants. And the Forget-me-Not is no short-lived flower, here to-day and gone to-morrow. Two months is no uncommon time for it to blossom, unless in very sandy, dry soil, and, therefore, it is worthy, if any flower is so, to form the spring glory of the garden. Think of it! To live nine weeks or more in a garden of blue Forget-me-Nots.

“Earth’s crammed with heaven,  
And every common bush afire with God,  
But only he who sees takes off his shoes.”

The dainty little *Dicentra eximia*, already mentioned as luxuriating in heavy, clay soil, must also be included in this list of plants valuable for the long period of blossom. It is never seen to better advantage than when growing around the stems of some tall, upright perennial—or, stay, once I saw some stray roots of this little

pink-flowered plant growing through the grass in an old orchard, and that was to see it under the most beautiful conditions possible. It remains in flower for months. For a later portion of the year we have an excellent plant, about a foot in height, for the forward part of the border, in *Sedum spectabile*. If the plants are well grown, and in suitable soil, they yield immense heads of soft-toned pink flowers that remain over many weeks. These plants form a marked and distinctive feature in the border, both as regards their large, flat flower heads and the character of their foliage. They should be planted in that portion of the garden where they may be made the striking feature, otherwise they are inclined to detract from the decorative value of less distinctive plants that may be in proximity. They are not particular as to soil, and for a dry, sunny border are invaluable, and are perfectly hardy.

The Sea Lavenders, or Statice, are good stand-bys, though of little use for distant effect. *S. latifolia* and *S. limonium* are perennials, and the best of the group. These Sea Lavenders have the charm of presenting us with a type of plant but seldom seen in the garden world, and their grace and lightness have a distinct value in a border where large and bold-flowered subjects are well represented. As a very distinct annual, and one that supplies its decorative qualities so soon as it has become of sufficient size, the *Salvia Horminum*, known also as Clary, and yet again more familiarly as Blue Beard, is of the easiest culture and charming until the frost kills it. It is worth while to sow early in the year, so that it may be of considerable size by the time the summer-flowering plants commence to bloom. The

flowers of this plant are wholly insignificant, but for several inches the terminal bracts are dyed to a deep tone of violet, blue, or rose, or they are white, and the whole plant has a neat, compact habit of growth that removes it far above the category of weedy and weakly annuals. In height it grows from one and a half to two feet, and is not particular as to soil, though it likes a sunny position.

I often wonder why *Ageratum* is not made use of more frequently in the border than at present it is. I do not mean the very dwarf varieties—they have “bedding plants” writ large upon them—but the varieties growing from one to two feet in height, and of more graceful and free habit of growth. Colour, growth, height—all are excellently fitted for border work, and, greatest virtue of all, the plants remain in flower from early summer to late autumn. It is true that they are not hardy—would they were; but they grow so readily from cuttings, or from seed, that it is well worth the trouble they may entail. Talking of these plants, I may note that I was struck by the charming effect of a vast number of them used in the formal bedding-out at Sandringham. It seemed as if the very atmosphere above was tinged with blue.

Petunias, too, are valuable and lasting, and should not be omitted from the half-hardy subjects that may be used to fill up gaps in the borders: the clearest, richest tones of colours should be selected.

Garden lovers are rapidly discovering the number and beauty of *Chrysanthemums*, of Pompon and Japanese varieties, that may be flowered in the garden border. At the time when these *Chrysanthemums* were few in

number, and often late to blossom, it was small wonder that those who had greenhouses and conservatories grew pot plants, and those who had no glass contented themselves with a few Pompon varieties only, rather than run the chance of growing plants through a whole season and seeing them ruined by a frost before the buds had half expanded. All that is altered now, and our gardens may show forth large and beautiful Chrysanthemums from July onwards. These plants are invaluable for long flowering, and should find a generous place in every garden.

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## CHAPTER XI.

THE GARDEN WITHIN THE GARDEN.

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(A GARDEN OF SWEET SCENTS).

MANY people are accustomed to associate these miniature gardens wholly and solely with large places. But that is a pity, for these little gardens are charming features, and many old country gardens, and old-fashioned town gardens of modest proportions, contain those secluded nooks, corners, and solitary borders that would gain greatly in interest and beauty if thus utilised.

These miniature gardens must have some distinct and main feature. One may consist of plants of sweet fragrance, and thus become "a garden of sweet scents." Another may consist of some large genus of plant life that can be represented by varieties of many heights, colours and forms; some favourite family in this manner may be singled out to receive especial care, and, by

reason of its isolation, be enjoyed, and its beauties studied and appreciated, as they could never be with a crowded mixture of plant life on every side.

The family of plants chosen need not entirely usurp the whole of the miniature garden, but it should be the leading feature, and other subjects chosen to share the space with it should be selected for the express purpose of enhancing the beauty and effect of this leading feature.

A certain dainty trimness, and the appearance of lavish care and affection, should always belong to these precious portions of the garden—the subtle poetry and romance of the garden should hang over them. Such gardens need not, by any means, be monotonous or tame, and invariably they should be characteristic of the taste and individuality of their owners. Beside the garden of sweet scents already mentioned, a charming effect can be made by indulging in a garden of Evening Primroses, or a garden of Bell Flowers, a purple garden, or a garden of Alpines—to recall but a few.

In making a garden of sweet scents, the main difficulty is to get a sufficiency of good, brilliant, lasting colour, such as is essential in every garden if it is to be really beautiful. A number of our sweet-smelling subjects are of modest and quiet hues; many of the blossoms are insignificant—their strong scent, without brilliancy of colour, is, I suppose, sufficient to attract insects to them. But we must have colour, and care must be exercised to select from a wider range of sweet-smelling plants than is usually the case, to ensure

blossom in the garden of sweet scents for nine months out of the twelve, at least. I must confess that most of the gardens of this character I have seen have been disappointing; two or three, however, have been beautiful, and as nearly perfect as gardens can be. The disappointment in every case was due to the fact that quantities of Oak-leaved Geraniums, sweet-scented Verbenas, Mignonette, Lavender, and other plants as ineffective from a decorative point of view, had been used, to the exclusion of brighter and gayer flowers that at the same time have this charm of sweet smell, and make the garden beautiful while still maintaining its character.

For a background in this garden of sweet scents we must have a wealth of Syringa, Lilac, and *Choisya ternata*, Azalea, with the old-fashioned, sweet-scented climbing Rose, *Aimée Vibert*, rambling over Fir poles, betwixt and between them. And also there must be an Almond tree—more than one, if possible, for earliest spring beauty. While, whatever else is omitted, it must not be a deep, pink-flowered, strongly fragrant Apple tree, so that at its blossom time this most decorative of all our flowering trees may be sought and enjoyed amongst the rest of the sweet-smelling flowers. The variety, *Blenheim Orange*, bears brightly-tinted blossom, and is excellently sweet-scented—there may be other kinds that may rival it in these qualities, I do not know, so cannot speak with authority on the subject.

For colour at a lower level, we have some of the sweetest scented and most decorative Roses to bloom



unceasingly from June to November. I do not think any varieties, new or old, can be more suitable than those two beautiful Hybrid Teas—Caroline Testout and Viscountess Folkestone. The first is bright as *La France*, the second of the colour of a *Malmaison* *Carnation*. Both have the most exquisite and delicate scent, more reminiscent than any other *Roses* I know, of the perfume of the wild *Roses* of the hedges, and both blossom prodigiously early and late in the season.

A sweet-smelling *Daphne* must find place. In an old garden that I know there grows a night-scented, evergreen variety, bearing insignificant green flowers. But at sundown, in the month of May, the air is charged with the sweetest scent. I have never come across this variety elsewhere, but, if it is to be obtained, should certainly find a home in the garden of sweet scents. It is very neat and compact in growth, and attains only to some four feet.

It goes without the saying that *Oak-leaf Geraniums*, sweet-scented *Verbena*, *Lavender*, *Rosemary*, *Southern-wood*, and *Mignonette* must be represented; they are typical sweet-scented flowers, but they are among those things that need the most careful distribution. There is not a showy blossom among them, and therefore it is necessary that they have bright and cheery colour in close proximity.

To speak of the sweet-scented *Verbena* for a moment—I think it adds to the charm of the garden of sweet scents if, as far as possible, every subject is hardy in character. Now, this sweet-scented

Verbena, on a moderately light, warm soil, may be treated as such, and left in the ground throughout the winter, with the protection of a few ashes and a bit of bracken intertwined amongst it. I have known many plants so treated to survive the severe winters of the eastern counties.

Pinks and Carnations may be generously grown in the garden of sweet scents. The old clove-scented Carnations may share the space with the newer varieties, such as Sir Richard Waldie-Griffith, brilliant scarlet in tone, and delightfully fragrant; and Duchess of Rothesay, also scarlet. Among the old ones I cannot forbear to mention that really beautiful pink-hued one known as Blush Pink Clove; Cantab, too, is very sweet of perfume.

The old Bergamot is effective. Sweet Peas will yield welcome colour behind the Lavender and the Rosemary, while in front of them may well be a generous quantity of Brompton and Night-scented Stocks. Of that variety of Stocks known as *Matthiola semperflorens*, which, by the way, is perennial and not biennial, no praise is too great; it is, indeed, rightly named, and I could tell of plants that bore flowers from July to December without ceasing. Single varieties should be discarded so soon as they proclaim themselves, but the double forms should be treasured as among the most enduring flowers we can grow.

Heliotrope is another typical flower for the garden of sweet scents, and must find place, like the Oak-leaved Geraniums, for the summer months only, as these plants are not hardy.

If the garden of sweet scents is large enough, some fragrant Pæonies should be grown. There is great joy in a fragrant Pæony, but, alas! so short a while do they remain in flower, that unless the garden is really of moderate proportions, they had better be relegated to that portion of it that is on a larger and bolder scale, and omitted from the miniature garden of sweet scents.

Wallflowers may well find space in the half-shady places. Wallflowers, with the background of shrubs and trees, are more beautiful, from a decorative point of view, than when growing, say, in a bed cut out of the lawn. These flowers should never be allowed to grow leggy and weakly; to be beautiful, they must have that vigour and hardihood that belongs to all out-of-door flowering plants. It is far better to pinch back the stems, and thus induce a dense, bushy growth that in due time is literally covered with flower-heads, than to cultivate plants with about three lanky, long, up-drawn stems, as one generally sees when Wallflowers are grown for spring bedding.

In the garden of sweet scents it is this luxuriance of flowers, far more than fine blossom, that we desire. We want the very air to be laden with fragrance. The seed should be spring-sown, and the plants put in their places as early in autumn as possible, and if they are pinched back so many as three times, so much the better; more flowers will be produced, and therefore more fragrance. And, what is more, plants so treated go on improving, and make better plants the second than the first season, unlike the thin spring-bedders.

that are relegated to the rubbish-heap so soon as their first spring flowering is over.

Hyacinths and Narcissi, among bulbs, give us the sweetest perfume, and all through the late spring-time first the Hyacinths, and then the Narcissi, will be the glory of the garden. Musk can carpet the ground above them for summer scent, when the bulbs will have gone to rest. A restrained use of this, however, is necessary, for it makes such rampant growth in somewhat moist soil.

All the Lilies that yield us sweet scent must find place, and likewise the sweet-smelling Irises, such as *I. dalmatica*, etc.

I have mentioned the green-flowered *Daphne*, and the Night-scented Stock, for their sweet perfume after sundown. Another plant to yield its night fragrance the summer through is *Nicotiana affinis*. It is well worth a little trouble to get the seedlings well forward by the time they are planted out, so that the strong, sturdy young plants may quickly break into flower. Every day gained at that time adds just so much to their flowering period, seeing that nothing causes them to cease until the frosts come to pinch them; while to sow the seed in August, and to winter the young plants, is the way to get magnificent specimens that shall yield hundreds of flowers during the whole of the ensuing summer. The seedling plants are somewhat impatient of damp, otherwise they are not far removed from being hardy.

Much as I should like to recommend Violets for the garden of sweet scents, I cannot unreservedly do so.

We must not overlook the decorative effect of our garden of sweet scents, and Violets are not showy enough for the miniature garden, beautiful and charming as they are in the larger garden. There is no outlying portion in the miniature garden—every square foot has to be considered. But wholly delightful it will be if the way that leads to the garden of sweet scents shall bring us past the Violet border.

At the entrance of the garden, it is delightful, too, if we pass under an archway bearing aloft a great sheaf of Honeysuckle, mingled with the Sweet Brier Rose. Then, too, the sweet-smelling, old, white-flowered Jasmine may well adorn a further archway.

Where the soil is deep and light the Californian *Romneya* flourishes and grows to shrub-like proportions, its beautiful white blossoms being delicately fragrant, and at the same time highly decorative and distinctive.

Room must be found for the old-fashioned Sweet Rocket. With regard to this plant, it should be remembered that sometimes the plant fails to flourish because it is left too long to occupy the same space. It is better for being transplanted occasionally, and young plants are more satisfactory than older ones.

That air of dainty trimness and lavish care that we have mentioned as beautiful attributes of these miniature gardens may be achieved to a great extent in the borders and paths, but they may be accentuated by some large pots, or tubs, of some beautifully-grown and tended sweet-smelling subject; and, at the same time, these will give just that air of formality that is

very charming and striking amid the dainty and sweet order that reigns here. No subject more worthy to occupy these pots or tubs will be found than the beautiful trumpet-flowered white *Brugmansia suaveolens*. I know a garden where pots of this plant are the distinctive feature, and that a suburban garden within the six miles' radius. Every year there is a wealth of the beautiful tropical blossoms. In winter the plants are stowed away at the back of the greenhouse stage, and need little watering. They are grown as standards, and any pruning that is necessary is performed in the spring. Of course, it is possible to flower them in the border, but what I have said as to the incongruity of these tropical subjects, when speaking of the rarer Lilies, applies, I think, equally to this type of plant also, and for this reason their cultivation in pots is recommended. Besides, it is less trouble when the time comes for housing them for the winter.

It is sometimes a little difficult to maintain a wealth of blossom in the garden of sweet scents as long as we could desire into the autumn. To manage this, however, the sowings of *Mignonette* should be made so late as May, and likewise any other sweet-smelling annuals that may be selected, such as *Abronia*—or, as it is sometimes called, *Sand Verbena*—*Lupinus nanus coccineus*, etc.

On the other hand, the numerous hardy and half-hardy perennials that flower the first year—the Sweet Scabious, for instance—should be sown early in pots, brought forward strongly and sturdily, and planted out during the latter end of May; these, with the Roses, some of the sweet-scented Clematis, as *C. flammula*,

and those summer-flowering subjects already named that, in favourable seasons, and if seed-vessels are kept from forming, will continue flowering long after summer has ceased, will make the garden of sweet scents beautiful to look at, as well as the place of grateful fragrance, from early spring to late autumn. I have not nearly exhausted the number of sweet-smelling foliage and flowering plants that may be introduced into this garden of sweet scents, preferring to suggest, rather than to destroy, much of the pleasure of the enthusiastic gardeners who delight in discovering treasures for themselves, and choosing those things that best please their own tastes. One word I should like to add, however, on this subject of the garden of sweet scents, and that is to remind the reader that if this garden can be made in proximity to a Lime tree, then we have in this most sweetly smelling of all large trees one of the farthest-reaching scents that our garden can possess. I think I have said in proximity, advisedly, for it is better not to have the overhanging branches of this tree shading the miniature garden itself. We want the sun there—not the shade of forest trees such as this. And for another reason, too, we would banish the Lime tree from the actual precincts of the miniature garden: the sticky juice that falls from it, upon the plant-life below, is disfiguring to it, as all sorts of dust and dirt is made to adhere to the foliage of the undergrowing plants, and their beauty is destroyed. I have seen plants growing under Lime trees as black as if growing in the heart of a great city.

I have still, I find, a final remark to make, and that

is anent the colour in the garden of sweet scents. With a very little trouble the whole scheme can be made to consist of pink, white, and mauve—as charming a combination as any that can be contrived. Of course, this means that a certain amount of restraint has to be exercised in the selection, and some of the sweet-smelling plants available would have to be omitted—the yellow Sweet Sultan, the fragrant yellow *Cenotheras*, amongst others. And I merely mention the fact for the benefit of those who rejoice in this restrained use of colour. I do not think I altogether recommend it.

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## CHAPTER XII.

## THE GARDEN WITHIN A GARDEN

*(Continued).*

(THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.)

THE very words—an old-fashioned garden—have a subtle charm about them; and the miniature garden thus treated is certain to be a favourite spot. It stands to reason that it must be filled with such old-time flowers as Shakespeare wrote of, as old Herrick loved, and Bacon carefully and tenderly observed. Flowers they must be that bear the old familiar names—given them of the common people in simpler times than these. In those old names lies much of the charm of the old-fashioned flowers. Some of the old names we retain still; some have fallen into disuse. Some hundred and fifty years ago, that good gardener, Philip Miller, writes of them in great number by their old names, and in many cases never thinks of mentioning

them by any other. The mere fact of plants possessing these old-time names is their guarantee to being legitimately known and numbered amongst "Old-fashioned flowers." It is the difference that lies between the old favourites and the new. The Starworts and the Chrysanthemums vie with each other in friendly rivalry during the autumn days. There is this difference between the two—we wind old-world memories round the first, which, by the way, we never know as Starworts, but always as Michaelmas Daisies. The Chrysanthemum has been with us many years now, but it did not come soon enough to attain to the loving tie of some familiar name, and in like case is the Dahlia.

So, in the old-fashioned garden, it may be that these will be denied a place. It is a hundred years now since the Dahlia came to us, but the age of the "old-fashioned" things is older yet. Our miniature garden must have about it the sweet, graceful charm that all things old exhale. In the old-fashioned garden it must be easy to picture men and maidens walking in the garb of long ago, with the flowers around them that they watched and knew.

Before naming some of these old-fashioned flowers, I should like to say that such a garden as I am describing is more suitable for the miniature garden within a larger garden than for an ordinary small garden, because so many of the beautiful new introductions would have to be altogether foresworn, and that were a pity even for the sake of achieving a beautiful garden of old-fashioned flowers. But for the garden within a larger, the idea of gathering together in it many of the old-time favourites that otherwise would be scattered throughout the garden,

here, there, and everywhere, can scarcely fail to be an alluring one.

Let us picture one of these old-fashioned miniature gardens. A Yew hedge surrounds it, that is kept in perfect trimness. Cutting a smooth, flat lawn in two, a straight gravel walk runs through the centre of the garden, and meets at either end the narrower walk that surrounds the grass, and lies between it and the wide, straight flower-borders under the lee of the Yew hedges. And over all is that air of exquisite neatness and orderliness that adds an additional beauty to the whole.

And now to mention by name some of the old-time flowers that grow side by side. There are flowers for every season, and of every colour; and every plant, beside its own peculiar beauty of form, colour and habit, must enjoy the perfect health that adds as much to our pleasure in it as actual beauty does in most cases.

Here are to be found the old-fashioned double Primroses, white, and mauve, and yellow, and crimson. They were common enough at one time, and then suffered, and still are suffering, from undeserved neglect. The double Primrose, believe me, is a very beautiful flower, and of real decorative value in the spring garden. The pale mauve variety is, I think, especially charming. Here and there amongst them is the slightly taller growth of yellow Oxlips, pale and graceful, and with the shy look the half-wild things have that some of us have learned to love and treasure now when so many of our old favourites have been "improved," and enlarged, and otherwise changed.

There are wide edgings of long-flowering Heartsease. Some of the old favourites especially are such happy-

looking flowers, almost one could believe that each was hugging a joke to himself, and smiling over it. There are the old, fringed Pinks that so seldom are seen now-a-days, with their inner ring of crimson. These flowers, like the Oxlips, have the inconsequent, sweet, wild look that belongs to those of our garden plants that have never suffered very high cultivation. There are great clumps of double yellow Daffodils, and single ones, too, for the matter of that, to remind every passer-by of Wordsworth's beautiful verses upon them. Blood-root, and Starch Hyacinths, and Dog Violets, and Grape Hyacinths—all give of their best in this old garden.

White Honesty, and Wallflowers, and Leopard's Bane are among the flowers of May. And the Leopard's Bane is the old *Doronicum plantagineum*, and not the later *D. Harper Crewe*, with its coarser and more showy blossoms that yet have not the charm of the older form.

The old favourites, *Flos Adonis* and Snapdragon, find honoured places, and red and white Daisies, Sweet Williams, Fleabane and Bear's Breech, together with white Dittany and the red "Burning Bush." For many weeks there are the scarlet columns of Bergamot; there are the old types of Columbine, that are so much less beautiful than the new, and yet have their own shy beauty, a something that with all their beauty and charm the newer forms have lost. No one should ever grow the old and the new forms within sight of each other, but separately, ah, yes!

Jews' Ears follow hard on the hardy Sowbread, and which is the more beautiful in the spring garden is hard to say. Both are growing in the north border, with the

double Primroses, and are long in blossom. In this same border is the Noble Liverwort, so named, I take it, on account of the shape of its decorative foliage. Few, now-a-days, would recognise their *Hepaticas* under this name, yet thus was it termed in olden time. The blue flowers of Bugloss are in blossom throughout the summer, and hundreds of seedling plants have to be destroyed every year. This plant may well be selected for some hot, parched position, for its great roots go down to the depths. One finds stray plants of Wake-Robin and Sundew in a moist and shady corner.

The Tree Primrose finds welcome place, and Wolfsbane and Ladies' Mantle. Of all the old-fashioned plants there are few I love better than the Monks-hoods, whether blue or white. They grow in great plenty in the miniature garden, and great Larkspurs—or, to give them a yet older name, Lark's-heels—and Hollyhocks and Sunflowers, Michaelmas Daisies and Rosemary, and Lavender. Room is found for the grand old Crown Imperials, and Lilies, and *Fleurs-de-luces*, for double Ladies' Smocks, and Sultan's Flower, and likewise for Bachelor's Buttons, Jerusalem Cowslips, and Sweet Maudlin, and the dwarf-growing Purslanes. Blue Cupidone gives a welcome bit of blue that follows the far intenser blue of *Gentians*. Just a plant or two of Chicory add their blue blossoms to the summer flowers, and even Grimy Collier finds a corner. Day Lilies and Golden Rods flower for weeks after the Cranes's-bills and Lupins have had their day. Here are wide patches of white and blue Bellflowers, or Bellworts, and quantities of Double Sweet Rocket, that few would now recognise as *Hesperis*. And grows here the

Lyre Flower, known also as Bleeding Heart, and one of the most beautiful plants in flower, and in leaf, that ever grew in English gardens. And here, too, is sweet Southernwood (less prettily named by some, Old Man), Jacob's Ladder, Willow Herbs—what graceful, restful plants are these in a border! Well-nigh do they touch the height of a beautiful simplicity—Feather Hyacinths, Solomon's Seal, and Night-scented Stocks, and the also sweet-scented Clove Gillyflowers.

Not overlooked is a Mezeron or two, and far back by the Yew hedge is here and there between the Hollyhocks and Sunflowers a pole entwined with Honeysuckle, or Virgin's Bower, or old-time, sweet-scented Climbing Rose and Jessamy. Of course, the little Creeping Jenny or Moneywort, and Mother of Thousands, Sandworts and Miller's Dust find place amid the taller subjects. There are annuals, too, and among them Love-lies-bleeding, and Love-in-a-mist, or, as it is sometimes known, Devil-in-a-bush, Venus' Looking Glass, and Venus' Navelwort. There are patches of bright Poppies, but of less varied colour than is to be found in our beautiful and modern Shirley kinds. Marigolds, Monkey Flowers, and Virginian Stocks, and "Daffy-down-Dillies."

At the entry of the garden there grows on either side a bush of the old-fashioned Double Jew's Mallow that many of old time knew as *Corchorus*. For many weeks in spring their myriads of bright orange blossoms look like miniature suns of flame, and make objects of great decorative effect under a blue sky. On the grass, and following the line of the centre pathway, is, on either side of it, a row of small, upright Golden Yews, all

neatly trimmed and kept, forming little pyramids about four or five feet in height.

Is this little display of topiary work justifiable here in this enlightened century? I think so—I hope so; for the trees are not distorted to the forms of cocks and peacocks, or other incongruous shapes: and the trim air of formality that they help to accentuate need not offend the most fastidious, taking into consideration the idea of the garden. The straight, formal thin little trees may not appeal particularly to our sense of beauty, but they do appeal, and that not unpleasantly, to our sense of quaintness. I think it is not amiss that this sense should sometimes be indulged: it is not only our sense of beauty that has to be catered for in the garden, although that would seem to be the sole end of most garden lovers.

On the wide centre pathway there is room found for a double row of tubs, leaving ample walking space between them; and these are filled with *Agapanthus* Lilies—not altogether to be classed as an old-fashioned flower, it is true. But alternating with them are standard bushes of old-fashioned *Fuchsias*. These make gay in summer this portion of the old-fashioned garden, and the straight lines of tubs also help to accentuate the trim formality.

Perhaps before I close this chapter a word of apology to the reader is necessary for describing these old-fashioned flowers only by their familiar old-time names. The temptation to do so was irresistible. I could not bring myself to spoil the poetry and the charm of these old names by adding in parenthesis, or otherwise, the modern names. For those who may not be able to

identify all the old favourites, I append a list, giving both old and classical names:—

Bachelors' Buttons.	<i>Ranunculus acris.</i>
Blue Cupidone.	<i>Catananche cœrulea.</i>
Blood Root.	<i>Sanguinaria.</i>
Bugloss.	<i>Anchusa.</i>
Creeping Jenny.	<i>Lysimachia nummularia.</i>
Fleabane.	<i>Erigeron.</i>
Feather Hyacinth.	<i>Muscari comosum.</i>
Golden Rod.	<i>Solidago.</i>
Jacob's Ladder.	<i>Polemonium cœruleum.</i>
Jews' Ears.	<i>Auricula.</i>
Jews' Mallow.	<i>Kerria.</i>
Ladies' Mantle.	<i>Alchemillea.</i>
Ladies' Smock.	<i>Cardamine.</i>
Leopard's Bane.	<i>Doronicum.</i>
Lyre Flower.	<i>Dicentra.</i>
Monkey Musk.	<i>Mimulus.</i>
Monkshood.	<i>Aconite.</i>
Mother of Thousands.	<i>Saxifraga sarmentosa.</i>
Noble Liverwort.	<i>Hepatica.</i>
Sowbread.	<i>Cyclamen.</i>
Sweet Maudlin.	<i>Achillea ageratum.</i>
Tree Primrose.	<i>Evening Primrose.</i>
Wake Robin.	<i>Arum.</i>
Willow Herb.	<i>Epilobium.</i>



## CHAPTER XIII.

## PURPLE FLOWERS.

OF all colours in the garden it would seem that first orange, and then purple, are the most difficult to place in bed or border. And purple flowers would seem to find less favour in the eyes of the majority of people than any others. And yet how beautiful they are!—those who have once learned to appreciate them can never have too many of them. They take a unique place in our affections; they take a place distinct and apart from other flowers of different hues. They have a greater air of mystery about them, and of silence, especially when they are growing, as always they should be, in the shady places, or just betwixt the sunshine and the shade.

No flowers are so insinuating as purple flowers, and no flowers go to make more beautiful garden pictures. A copse within the garden limits, say, of Beeches, opening their pale, new leaves, has for groundwork a wide stretch of clear, clean-coloured purple Honesty.

The massive heads of flowers are silhouetted against the background of the Beeches' powdery green boles. The sun filters through, but there are also deeps of shadow and cool dimness that make the purple flowers beautiful amid the green. To grow purple Honesty thus is to learn to know it as a beautiful decorative plant not easily outrivalled.

Again, for later blooming, there is the purple Foxglove—that, too, is more beautiful than words can tell seen in some such shady place as where the Honesty grew. There is no cooler sight to come upon a July day than on Foxgloves in a shady place, with green on every side. They must, however, be placed where the sunlight shall reach them during some part of the day—and then they are beautiful, translucent, fairy flowers, and the copse in which they grow is as beautiful, and, may be, many of us think more beautiful than the most gorgeous border of flowers ever planted.

I have said that purple flowers are difficult to place in the general or mixed border. The other flowers do not seem to need their purple brethren; well and good, let the purple flowers have their place apart. This garden of purple flowers should be some portion as much out of sight of other beds and borders as possible—and with the purple blossoms as many white ones shall be allowed to mingle as shall save the whole from monotony. Nature herself would have it so, for she has to almost every purple flower given a white variety—purple Foxgloves and white, purple Heather and white, purple Stocks and white, and I might add to this list many others. The white blossoms and the purple, with green all round about them, and a background of trees

and shrubs, shall become a beautiful portion of the garden.

Here are some of the plants that shall be found in this out-of-the-way, secluded border: For the fore-front, in the sunshine, there shall be a rockery edging, and on it shall appear in early spring purple Crocuses and white, and ere they have faded it may be that the great patches of beautiful *Saxifraga oppositifolia* shall commence to bloom. There shall also be *S. purpurea*, with noble foliage and deep purple heads of blossom. The beautiful *Æthionemas* may be represented by *Æ. persicum*, with its bright purple flowers and trailing habit. Of *Aubrietias*, the rich purple *Deltoidea* Dr. Mules shall make an excellent foil for the double-white flowers of the new *Arabis*. Dwarf, May-flowering *Phlox amoena* shall never be more beautiful than when growing here with other purple flowers, and may have for companion *P. setacea* Nelsoni growing into a snow-white drift as it comes to blossom. For some moist spot shall the beautiful purple members of the *Primulaceæ* be selected, especially such handsome varieties as *P. japonica* and *P. Parryi*, together with the delicately beautiful *Dodecatheon Meadia*. So beautiful a type of flower as the *Anemone sylvestris* (white), shall occupy some half-shady spot.

Of taller-growing subjects may be a plenitude of purple Stocks, both perennial and annual varieties, Rockets, Foxgloves, Honesty, some of the early and late-flowering Gladioli, purple varieties of Iris, and likewise white. The late-flowering *Echinaceæ purpurea*, and its hybrid forms, together with *Erodium Manescavi*, shall yield each a long period of blossom.

Many of the purple-toned *Dianthus* shall find a welcome place. Beautiful Everlasting Peas of that old variety, now seldom seen, *Lathyrus rotundifolius*, shall rear themselves on old stumps, and intermingle with the early-flowering white *Clematis*. Of autumn-flowering *Clematises*, such varieties as *C. Madame Edward André* and *Star of India* will make beautiful decorative objects.

Purple varieties and also white of the old-fashioned *Columbines* shall rear their beautiful heads high upon their slender stems. They may well find a place in some such border as this, and leave the newer "improved" varieties for the gay, mixed borders. Old things pass away—it might be that fifty years hence, if we relied only on the garden-grown varieties of these old-fashioned *Columbines*, that they would nowhere be found; but, fortunately, they grow wild in many countries of Europe. Than the pure white form of this old plant there are few daintier or more delicately beautiful blossoms our gardens can boast of.

Other plants that may find a place in the purple border are some of the *Chrysanthemums*, such as *General Hawkes*, *Crimson Pride*, *C. Cazenove*, *Edith Syrratt*. Amongst the *Pompons*, *Apotheose*; and among the single-flowered varieties, *Robert Morgan*. Among the perennial *Asters*, such varieties as *A. Framfieldi*, *A. Novæ-angliæ Belgii*, and *A. Novæ-angliæ Mrs. J. F. Rayner*.

The beautiful June-flowering *Dictamnus* may make a splendid subject in this border. The curious *Muscari plumosus* should be grown here. *Erigeron philadelphicus*, and the purple-flowered *Senecio elegans*, for dwarf subjects of annual character.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

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### THE SMALL GARDEN, AND HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT.

WE read much, and we hear much, in these days concerning the decorative effect of massing a great number of some particular subject; about a rule-of-thumb gradation of colour, and tones of colour; and we wade through rhapsodies written anent the garden gay with flowers the whole year round.

These things sound very charming in theory, but they are not practical where the small garden, or even the moderately-small garden, is concerned; and, what is more, few people with such gardens try to put the precepts into practice.

First, as to massing. Where sufficient space exists, few, I suppose, are prepared to quarrel with a fine, bold mass of Perennial Sunflowers, Delphiniums, Phlox, or

what not. Thus treated, such subjects make fine bits of colour just so long as the plants are in flower—perhaps one-tenth of the year. During the other nine-tenths the space covered by the “fine, bold mass” is empty of all colour and decorative value, except, perhaps, for a few weeks in the spring, if forethought has been used, and a supply of bulbs have been planted to make a display before the particular perennial has made much of its year’s growth. It is a long time—from the fading of the spring bulbs to the opening of, say, the perennial Asters, that alone share the space with them—to have a border absolutely without interest or charm, and, moreover, the time involved is the period when most of all the garden should be brimful of colour everywhere. It is the whole summer season, and the time when the garden and its inhabitants most can be enjoyed—enjoyed at close quarters, and not through the window panes. While the plants are in flower there is no question that such an arrangement is beautiful so far as a mass of colour goes—and decorative; it has its charm, too. We enjoy the value of the wide bit of colour, and the striking effect makes a strong impression upon us, especially on those who are sensitive to the charm of rich and happy colour. But is such an effect worth the price paid to attain it? The price is the long, colourless period before and after its fleeting season. And I go far enough to affirm that, except for the charm of a mass of colour, such a border is far less interesting than one which contains variety of plant life, and, what is as much to the point, variety of form. It becomes a question which is of most value from a decorative point of view—this mass of colour, or diver-

sity of form, which last is impossible where a border is devoted to one subject only.

The owner of the small garden cannot afford to give up a whole border to one particular thing, and, therefore, he can dismiss the vexed question from his mind; massing is not for him. But neither is the single plant dotting, which makes so disastrous an effect of patchiness, and, besides, such planting will form a border that will have little character or distinction. I have studied some hundreds of borders, large and small, long and short, to try to determine what constitutes a well-arranged border or garden. I have come to the conclusion that all gardens that are overlooked by a single glance—that is to say, the ordinary oblong, town garden, enclosed between pallings on either side, and no portion hidden from the rest—should, as much as possible, be planted with the same continuity and harmony as a single border in a larger garden. Indeed, valuable lessons may often be learned from studying the small garden within a garden of larger places—show places, in fact. Generally these gardens within gardens have method; each one has some leading idea, a *raison d'être* beyond the mere bringing together of any and every plant that fancy or chance may dictate.

Now I would have the owner of the small garden choose some four, five or more favourite tall perennials, according to space at command, and use them generously *throughout* the garden, not to the exclusion of all others, but to make of them the backbone, and others to be used as filling; and let him carry out the same treatment with both medium and dwarf plants. Such a plan does not debar him growing anything that he may

chance to desire, but it does give an air of harmony and method to the whole. A garden so planted never invites the expressive term "mixy maxy," which, I take it, means lack of character and want of decision.

*Gradation of Colour.*—This seems rather like out-Heroding Herod. There cannot be much wisdom in going farther than wise Nature goes herself. I would far rather copy a scheme of colour of Nature's own planting than work through a hard and fast rule-of-thumb dictum, however artistic it might be considered. Fancy, if every border in a garden approached its reds or bright blues through the same distributions of yellow, mauve, and white—what wearisome monotony! It is a pity that the somewhat vague and indefinite colouring of many of our wild flowers does not afford us much help in our garden combinations. But those of us who have seen many of our garden flowers growing wild in the South of Europe may well utilise some of the glowing and gorgeous colour-pictures that we can call to mind. Here is such a bit of planting that had the richness of oriental hues, was glorious, and satisfying, but I do not know what the disciple of gradation of colour would have had to say to it. It consisted of dazzling scarlet Poppies—the Poppies of our own cornfields—a bright little annual, of a warm and intense violet. Unfortunately, I have forgotten the name of this, though I have seen it growing at Kew, and also from time to time in our English gardens; and, giving just the touch of lightness and relief needed, a quantity of dwarf Peas, of a pale, indefi-



nite blue. What a feast of glad colour they made, those wildings, on the outskirts of Sorrento, one June day, with blue sky above them, and a green patch beyond, and the shadow of Olive trees close by. From bits of wild planting that the traveller may chance to come upon in Greece, Italy, Switzerland, etc., many a marvellously beautiful idea may be seized upon, but the wanderer must keep his eyes open and make, if possible, a note, not of colour only, but of the nature of the surroundings. It makes a vast difference whether such and such combinations of colours are silhouetted against green grass, brown rocks, or the dark shade of trees.

Supposing that this much-talked-of gradation of colour is approved, space in the small garden makes it scarcely practical, or severely restricts the enthusiastic gardener in his choice of plants. If the owner of the small garden will make up his mind to introduce but a few of the strong colours into his very limited space, he will not go far wrong. Most people have sufficient sense of harmony never, for instance, to grow orange Marigolds beside magenta Petunias, or orange Lilies in proximity to the bright pink of the old Cabbage Roses. It cannot be denied that there are some colours more difficult to place than others, and in small gardens these should be used sparingly. For the rest, it is wonderful how Nature's colours blend and harmonise out in the open air, with the green grass and foliage about them, and the mellowing effect of the sunshine upon them. And, finally, there is the rather senseless craze that makes people

boast of, or, at any rate, write of, gardens of flowers all the year round. There are flowers that bloom in winter, and grateful indeed we are for them; generally, we pick them and bring them into the house to enjoy them there. That is just it—our climate makes it impossible to enjoy our gardens during the cold, bleak months of November and December. In theory it is all very charming; theory takes no account of sodden beds and paths, dying leaves, weather-worn foliage, and decaying growth. When I hear of people rhapsodising over the November and December town garden, I look upon it as merely paper praise—a subject to write about. Probably that we have but little need in our climate for November and December flowers is the reason we have so few. Those that do remain during a mild, dry season have always a rather pinched, wan, and weather-beaten look. But to get back to practical matters, it is much better for the owner of the *small* garden to concentrate all his energies and use all his available space for plants that flower during those months that he can enjoy his garden. Spring bulbs by all means let him grow in plenty, for by February even, we approach our gardens once more with buoyant pleasure; the hopefulness of coming spring is a very different matter to the sloppy soddenness of dying autumn.

For this reason it is the early-flowering varieties of perennial Asters and Chrysanthemums, etc., that should be sought after; that is to say, if the owner of the small garden would study his garden from the decorative point of view. November and December

are the months for digging and trenching, when, for a spell, the sight of bare earth may well be borne with. I never can understand how some people seem to dread the sight of a few yards of overturned, rich, dark soil. There are people who have no love for it, but they miss something—they miss the poetry of the moment, the fitting accompaniment of bare trees; they do not realise in it the silent earth ready, waiting for the beneficial effects of frost and snow. They would rather have a few scattered clumps of late perennial Asters or Chrysanthemums—so late that they hardly ever fully expand. Ah, well!

*Character in the Small Garden.*—Be the garden large or small, it must have boldness somewhere. We have already considered this in respect to the large garden, but it is of equal importance in the small one. Where the large garden yields garden picture after garden picture at every turn, the small garden, where the whole is within view at a glance, should be made to afford one, single, beautiful picture, complete, harmonious, perfect. And it is the making of this picture that always should be kept in view.

One of the first considerations, whether in making a new garden or taking possession of an old one, is to consider how this sense of boldness and character can be achieved. It is this touch, remember, that shall give the garden its individuality—shall make it distinct, and unlike other gardens. Yuccas, with their bold growth, hardy Agaves such as *A. applanata*, the free use in tubs or pots of *Agapanthus* Lilies, or *Hydrangeas*, make good and distinctive features.

Simply-constructed arches, if used in sufficient number, can be extremely effective and characteristic; so also may be pillar Roses, or Clematis; or the free use of one of the more rare annual climbers, such as *Cobæa scandens*, or one of the *Maurandya*, such as *M. Emeryana*. Even Irises, Phormiums, Tritomas, in the unusually small garden, may be sufficiently large to supply the distinctive feature. The sense of proportion must not be forgotten if we would have the garden truly decorative. Indeed, to sum up shortly what is necessary to consider to make even the smallest garden pleasing, one would have to mention attention to colour, to form, to harmony of material, to light and shade, to this sense of proportion to symmetry, and to fitness.

The sameness and monotony of the majority of gardens is the great evil of modern garden craft. This applies especially to those small gardens in the hands of jobbing gardeners, with perhaps three or four in the hands of one man. It is no wonder that there is this eternal sameness. The only remedy will be when the time comes when the love of gardens shall be more general, and the owner will himself take sufficient interest in his garden to impress upon it his own taste and identity. The study is worth consideration, and much good result would follow. The real garden-lover knows, the minute he enters a garden, whether it belongs to one who is interested in it and knows how to make the most of it; or whether it belongs to one who is content to be under the thralldom of mere gardeners' gardening. I don't say that last in

disparagement of a capital class of workmen; what I mean is that the character and individuality of an educated man, who has studied the subject intelligibly, should be of a better stamp than can be given by the gardener, however good he may be, unless he has really studied gardening in its advanced and higher aspects. If he has, he probably will not be the gardener of two or three town gardens. Of gardeners of larger places I am not now speaking.

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CHAPTER XV.

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## A CHAPTER OF FANCIES.

I DO not expect one half of my readers to agree with my fancies. It may be that I should do well to leave this chapter unwritten. Some of the fancies, I suspect, are unreasonable, some mere sentiment, some too trifling to be taken seriously. Be these things as they may, I have determined to write these few concluding pages in the hope that they may prove *suggestive* to some reader of the various details that may be considered and weighed when thinking out garden schemes. Individual taste should show itself in every garden, and no detail is really too trifling to be considered if in any way it adds to the harmony and beauty of the general effect.

“The little more and how much it is,

The little less and what miles away.”

Here, then, is one of my fancies. I never care to grow

flowers of very dark tones of colour; no black Pansies, nor Hollyhocks dark as claret. I shall not easily forget the scorn and indignation with which this admission was met from the lips of one who greatly prided herself on her knowledge of, and devotion to, her garden. She would not believe that I meant the words seriously. But I did, for to me all flowers are dependent for half their beauty on the sunshine. And in the case of these very dark tones, the sun does not shine through them and glow upon them, and mellow the colouring, making them half translucent and glorious in the sunlight, as is the case with brighter colours.

"But, surely, you would include these dark tones for the sake of contrast?" this ardent gardener urged.

"Not even for contrast!" I maintained. And neither would I. If we take the case of Hollyhocks, surely the range of colour from pure white, cream, pink, bright rose-pink, through to brilliant rose-crimson, is contrast sufficient, especially if we secure a dark background, or a pale one such as a white house wall, behind them.

For this same reason of ensuring the sunlight through the flower petals, I would never, if it were possible to avoid it, suffer any obstacle to shut out the wide expanse of western sky. The low rays of the *setting* sun through the flowers has in particular this marvellous enhancing beauty and glory that I have mentioned. Never, at any other time, are the Evening Primroses so beautiful as when they have the low sun behind them shining through their strangely thin, satiny petals.

Again, I have a fancy never to grow bulbs, and least of all Tulips, in little round beds. The only gardens in which I would admit such an aggressive effect of

mechanical planting would be the extremely formal garden.

Then I have a fancy to gain as much information as I can as to the habits of plants in their own native haunts. Just as here we so closely associate such plants as Primroses and Violets, Wood Anemones and Dog Violets, Poppies and Marguerites, Buttercups and Daisies, Scabious and Yarrow, Succory and Mayweed, so it proves a subject of much interest to discover the garden flowers here, that in their native haunts are often found together. I have already in these pages made mention of a chance combination of plants in the country round Sorrento that once greatly impressed me. It does certainly prove helpful to make practical use of such knowledge when planting. But that is not all; just as here we associate certain of our native plants with hills and uplands, and others again with woodland; some with the bright orange of gravel slopes, and others with grassy levels, so is it helpful if we can get this same kind of knowledge concerning the plants that with us are but aliens. I always feel that such knowledge should help us to get the most natural and beautiful effects in our gardens.

Another fancy I have is to make use of valuable colour at a distance of some ten to fifteen feet from the ground, such as is to be attained by making a free use of such things as Pillar Roses, Clematis and other climbers, trained to rough posts or tree trunks. In so few gardens do we see this carried out, yet as decorative features these columns of glowing colour are difficult to over-estimate. In the small garden they are simply invaluable. By this means, with ground space of a foot



or two, we can secure this great expanse of colour, while in large gardens for distant effect they are of the utmost use. Their decorative use in the perennial border is, comparatively speaking, entirely overlooked, yet it is a feature that is full of the most delightful possibilities. I have seen pink Hollyhocks and pale mauve Clematis growing side by side, and making one of the most charming garden pictures that ever I remember. Here, too, is another exquisite blending of colour—a glowing purple Clematis of the Jackman class, and the yellow of tall Evening Primroses below it.

Yet another fancy I have is always in planting such a subject as an Almond tree to have it that from some point or another it can be enjoyed silhouetted against the sky. An Almond tree loses so much of its beauty seen only on a dark background of other trees ; its full beauty can only be known when it is seen some spring day with the bright-blue spring sky behind the pink blossom and dark branches, and the sunshine over all—a study of pale pinks and blues heightened by the additional touch of the dark wood.

And, again, another fancy—one of rank sentiment this time. So much that is wholly delightful and charming has been written by the world's great men concerning flowers that literature and the garden always seem to me very closely allied—so closely that it is one of my fancies to think that I could pick a nose-gay for some of these great ones that should represent their favourites in the flower world. I like to fancy that Charles Lamb, walking round the garden paths, would instinctively have stopped before a plant of

slender-stemmed, dainty Columbine. Bacon, in his wanderings, would, I feel sure, ever keep his eye alert to enjoy the sight of flowering trees. In that most charming essay that ever has been written on gardens, he tells us how closely he has made his observations. "For March . . . the Almond tree in blossom, the Peach tree in blossom, the Cornelian tree in blossom." In April he notes: "The Cherry tree in blossom, the Damascene and Plum trees in blossom." In May and June: "The Apple tree in blossom." In July: "The Lime tree in Blossom."

For William Blake I never hesitate to apportion the Hairbells and the wild Hyacinths, together with the Foxgloves and Canterbury Bells. In such flowers he would lodge his fairies for the daylight hours. For Eugénie and Maurice Guerir, gentle, fearsome souls, I would pluck the wild Honeysuckle and Traveller's Joy. The Sweet Pea, "on tiptoe for a flight," is sacred to Keats. For Robert Browning I choose the woodland flowers of spring—Primroses and Violets and Wood Anemones. Did he not write:—

"Oh! to be in England now that April's here."

It might have been the memory of these treasures of the English spring that made him write that

"The Yarrow is for Burns, and the Rose and Tulip for the quaint old Persian Tent-maker."

How much more than it does might this literary association enter into the enjoyment we find in our flowers and gardens generally, it does not become me, in this modest and would-be practical little volume, to enlarge upon. But it is a delightfully fascinating subject, and applies to many more things than gardens and flowers,

and adds incredibly to the enjoyment and amusement of life.

One other fancy, and I have finished. I would never admit for the decoration of the flower garden a subject such as the Beet. The poor thing has "vegetable" writ large upon it, and the strength of association with the dinner table is too strong to be overcome. There always seems to be a touch of the ridiculous, to say nothing of the incongruous, in seeing the Beet masquerading as a subject for the flower garden. I do not think, however, that this applies to the handsome Globe Artichoke, the great flower-head of which is highly and truly decorative, and might be judiciously used in the flower garden more frequently than at present. It always seems to me that there is something inconsequent-looking in the flowers of the perennial Sun-flowers, something prosperous and worthy in the Dahlias, but in the Globe Artichokes—something heroic.



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F. M. WELLS.

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